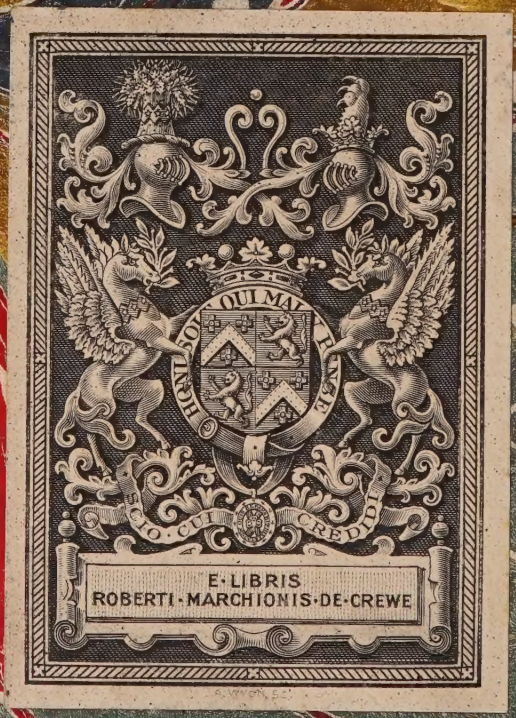
GAYTON'S
ART
OF
LONGE
VITY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THE Art of Longevity, OR, A Diæteticall INSTITUTION.

Written by Edmund Gayton, *Bachelor in PHYSICK, of St.* John Bapt. *Coll.* OXFORD.

LONDON, Printed for the *Author*. 1659.

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TO THE
Most Vertuous, Accomplisht & Ingenious LADY,
THE LADY
ELIZABETH ROUS,
The meriting Wife of the most Munificent
JOHN ROUS Esq;
Of *Henham Hall* in *Suffolk*.

SINGULAR MADAM,

UNto none more properly doth the Dedication of this Book belong, then to *your excelling Self*, who (being by Birth first, then Accomplishments, then Marriage, the unenvied Paragon of two great Counties, that of *Norfolk* by your Originals, this of *Suffolk* by your Nuptials, in honour to those Counties that are proud of you, and the rest that contend for you) should be continued to as much duration, as the Art of *Physick* is able to contrive. It ought to be the labour of a *Colledge of Physitians* (not of one pitifull Pretender) to advance the preservation of such a person, which if lost, the following age must faintly hope to re-example. In the

want therefore, or failings of *Phyſical* Counſels be your own *Leſſius*, be to your ſelf a *Cornara*, ſince it hath ſo providentially faln out, all other outward embelliſhments being abundantly beſtowed upon you, that you need not ſpend any time to adorn, or trick up your ſelf, but only to expreſs your thankfulneſs to the gracious Opificer of ſo rare a piece, & employ ſome hours (as is your practiſe) that your Countrey, Family, and Friends may be happy in the long poſſeſſion of you. For really your own Practiſe (*Madam*) will out-do all my Precepts, your Gardens and Parks out-vie the Phyſick-Gardens; your Cloſet is as conſiderable as the *Counteſs of Kent*'s with her Powder in it. At *Henham-Hall* (the Seat of your *Noble Husbands* Anceſtors) what is wanting to Satiety? yet your Deer outlive the ages of their Neighbour-commoners, and their Parks too; 'tis poſſible to find a Stag as ancient as that of *Caſar*'s: nor is this done by the diet of your Keeper, or your keeping your Deer from being your Diet, but by a ſucceſſive ſpending of your Park, not deſtroying it, by letting us eat *Veniſon*, but not to ſuch exceſs, as if your *Gueſts* were to feed themſelves into *Elkes*. Your Deer fall (as our *Colledge-copices* ſhould do) at ſo many years growth, that ſo the ſucceeding ſcholars may have wood of their own, & not expect Coals from *New-caſtle*. Your Table is *Mezentian* in this reſpect; for *alive* Deer look in at your windows, and ſee their *dead* Brother in a Coffin. So rare is your Cookery, it makes ſlaughter amiable, and the

Herd

Heard desire to be wounded, that they may be so dress'd. I have seen your Table furnished with more Dishes then my Book hath Chapters in it, and yet the Temperance did exceed the Dishes, so that if ever Abstinence was *paramount*, and in its *Zenith* it was at *Henham*, where Self-deniall (so much spoke of) was truly visible, even in the fulness of the Creature, and your Guests din'd *philosophically*, at a City Feast. 'This is true Temperance (Madam) to refraine where there is 'variety of temptation to excess; to stint the stomack, in full view of the game of Luxury, otherwise it is Penance, not Abstinence, and the Mind 'and Appetite not commanded, but a string tied 'about the throat, which is *Cormorant sobriety*, for 'which the Fowl wishes him hang'd that throtled 'him.

Having thus commended (*Madam*) your Diet, 'tis not with any Stratagem to get Applause to my own, which is too course for your Palate, and scarce fit for your Servants. But as you sometimes are pleased to leave the Rarities of your own Table and Caresse in a Cottage, where the Earthen Platter, the Barley Pudding, the Fool, and the plain Countrey Housewife, are both Meat and Sport, and delight and nourish beyond the wisdome of multiplied Cookery. So let it fare (best Lady) with this slender treatment of your Servant, which is not a Present, but a Debt of a long Promise, and not in that kind paid that it was promised. I did intend you a Grace, some Divine

Poems,

Poems, but present you with all manner of Diet, for fear being without Grace, it might be supposed all of Oysters, or Melons. The Book is a *Hieroglyphick salt*, not that with the *head of Mortification* on it, which is melancholy, or a *Charing-cross*-trencher salt, which is impious; but this is a *pillar of Salt*, or rather of Temperance, which is healthful (and at least in wish) Festivous, the Motto as it may be translated,

Poets should alwayes write,
To profit, and delight.

And calls to mind the ancient frugality of our predecessors, which were *wise*, *valiant*, and *abstemious*, three habits much advanced, if not begot by *Diætetick Rules*. To the moderate observance whereof, in the pursuance of your Honoured Husbands, and your Ladiships and Families health, this Rythmicall Tract invites you, untill I can face to face, and *vivâ voce* wish your double healths (as a Physitian ought to do) in your celebrious Goblet at *Henham-Hall*. Till then, and ever, I am

(MADAM)

Your most gratefull Servant,

Edmund Gayton.

TO THE
Candid *LADY-READERS.*

Madams,

THis *Book, entitled* The Art of Longevity, *or,* A Dietetical Institute, *may very well seem unnecessary and superfluous, after so many Tracts of the same subject, by the long-liv'd* Lessius, Cornarus, *and others, who have ingrossed all that can be said, and left Posterity nothing but to practise. But as in Divinity (that of the Times, called Preaching) repetition is not uncommendable; so in* Physick, *a round Recapitulation, or trimme Compendium and Abridgement, may help the memory, though not the understanding; wherefore the succinct and ingenious* Salernitan *Precepts fasten more then* Hypocrates *profounder Aphorisms, or* Galens *Comments upon its Auditors, and* Sandersons *Verses, are oftner and easier remembred then their rugged Prose, Feet and Rythm sweetning the sowreness of the moral letter. Verses indeed have the fate to be both slighted and condemned, and yet, like other faults,* retained. *And though Poetry and Oratory both (if lookt upon in the art and respect) are but the lowest of endowments; yet as their subjects may be, they both raise them and themselves. I confess my Subject is above my Dress, and I have depreſt the Argument by the mould I cast it in, yet a plain Suit by the Fancies may be made conspicuous, and attract more for the* mode *then the* stuff. *So here serious Mattter in a* phantastical *or light Dress, may one with another perchance finde a liking,*

some-

ſometimes applauſe. I know, Ladies, *that you are all of a* neat extraction, *choice and ſifted earth, and ſo reſolve to keep your ſelves, being by ſelf-affection principled to a ſpare Diet, whereby your own mirrours reflect you pleaſing and lovely to your ſelves, and admirable to others. Wherefore in all* Phyſical *practiſe there are no ſuch obſervant Patients as your ſelves, whether the buſineſs concern your health or your ornament, your* being *or your* well-being. *Now a book of Diet preſented to you is like to be of moſt happy events, who if you are told the quality of your food, will not erre in the quantity. The firſt of theſe is my care at preſent, the ſecond is your conſtant uſe: for neither to your* noble ſex, *nor any of the* nobler, *will I preſcribe any meaſure in meat, though there ought to be one in all things: the Beaſts themſelves (even all but Horſes, Dogs, and Swine) have attained to ſuch a natural ſtint. Rare is the temperance of the Elephants, Apes, Birds, as may be read in* Ælians Varia Hiſtoria, *nay Dogs themſelves (a voracious animal) though they will eat to ſurfeit, cure themſelves by abſtinence, and* Swine-phyſick *is grown into a* Proverb. *If your* Ladyſhips *enquire at what* demenſum *or exactneſs I live my ſelf, with a* Medice, oſtende teipſum, *that is, ſhew me thy Diet by thy Practiſe; I anſwer,* Madams, *Truly I finde it the beſt rule, as to my particular, to keep* no rule *at all, for the Times have been more then* Leſſius *to me, and brought me to leſs then* twelve ounces *in two dayes, which is a moſt ſlender proportion; they have taken care that I ſhall never have the worſt of ſurfeits, that of* bread: *yet ſometimes I offend in* poculentis, *in the exceſs, oftner in* eſculentis, *in the defect; in Faſtings often, in Prayers leſs, yet ſtill in ſome, enough Religion for a Phyſitian. And beſide the* Coloquintida *of the Times, in frequent mornings doſes of the leaves of Wormwood, Scurvy-graſs, and Water-creſſes, which makes me look at the preſent Maſtigation like* Veſpatian, Clodius, *or* John Whiſtler, *the ſometime good-fac'd Recorder of* Oxford *(as if I were going to ſacrifice to the Lady* Cloacina.) *Such ſevere Diſcipline is not fit*

for

for your tender Architecture, that may ruine Plaister of Paris, *which will scarce smooth the rougher Lime and Sand. In short, I know it is a Latine Proverb,* Misere vivit qui vivit Medice, *that is, Madams,*

They are most miserable Fools
That alwayes live by Physick-rules.

And so Misere vivit, qui immodice vivit,

They'r slaves unto their appetite
Which golden moderation slight.

In a word of exhortation then, Ladies, be neither Hermits *nor* Carthusians, Capuchins *nor* Montanists, *that is, not of too severe a Regulation; yet a* Nunnes *diet for your sex, and the* Collegiat *for ours, will make you Mother-*Pyrrha's *for Age,* Penelopes *for Beauty,* Cassandra's *for Wisdome. In short, it will keep your Spirits active, your Skins cleare, your Limbs vigorous, your soules and bodies apt for all Divine and Natural actions, whereby you may be (as you wish your selves, and I too cordially) both* belov'd of God and men. *And thus I humbly submit these Conceits following to your* Ladyships *view, under correction; unto which (especially from such hands) I were unkind to my self if I should not most willingly lye down, and subscribe my self*

(LADIES)

Your most Obedient and Corrigible Servant,

EDMUND GAYTON.

To the honour'd Author upon his Diætetical Institute.

VVEre the world but one Giant-thing that liv'd,
And had a ſoul, (as the old Sage believ'd)
But could it eat too, for one meal I'de ſwear,
Thou meant'ſt thy Book its general Bill of fare;
Great Clerk of Natures kitchin! we ne're knew
She was ſo good an H ouſe-keeper till now.
Some Naturaliſts ſerv'd up a courſe, or ſo,
Garniſh'd to boot with their own fictions too;
But thou in this great *Oleo* haſt combin'd,
VVhat e're her want or luxury could find.
If in her dining-room thou ſerve ſo well,
I'th' drawing-room ſure thou muſt needs excell.

J. Heath.

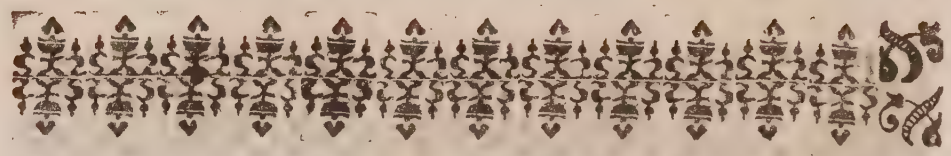
To

To his Friend the Author.

VVHat is't is writ? It is a noble Diet:
Oh! for a Souldiers ſtomack to be quiet,
And not conceive ſuch Dainties plac'd upon
Some Ladies Board; then let the Gods look on,
VVith all their Goddeſſes, and tell me where
They met with wholeſome diet and ſuch cheare;
But their immortal diets only known
And rarely fanci'd to us, then were ſhown
By power of Poets wits: I would not wiſh
This my good friend preſent us ſuch a diſh:
VVhat he hath done 'tis all ſubſtantial good,
Not only Babes, but Lords and Ladies food;
Such as may make our youth old *Neſtor*'s grow,
And then confeſs their age to him they owe:
Yet if our ſtomacks want a diſh to bait on,
No wit like thine, i'th' ſecond Courſe, dear *Gayton*.

E. ALDRICH,

Tribunus militum.



To his quondam *Fellow* Oxonian EDMUND GAYTON.

THeſe *Dietetick* Laws thou doſt here give,
Do teach us how, but make thy ſelf to live,
And ſo they ſhall, induſtrious *Mun*, till time
Do once reſtore thee unto Proſe from Rime:
Sometimes in Latine verſe, in Engliſh now
You do, (God bleſs it) drive Poetick plough.
Whence are theſe Inſtitutes, and whence theſe Rules?
Not from th' Apothecary Shops, or Schools?
Thou talk'ſt *Arabian* Authors, but thy pains
Speak lowdly, thou haſt no Library but brains.
Longevity thou giv'ſt us from *Jove's* Bower,
And temperance from Friar *Bacon's* * Tower.
Who'd think a Man ſhould fall ſo mightily,
Who had his Rudiments of Warr ſo high?
VVho'd think that thou, a *Centry in the air*,
Should'ſt e're come down to teach us groſſer Fare?
A Paracelſian then (without diſgrace)
I'le call thee, inſtructed by the Prince oth' Place.
Bred in the Air, and VVarr, what Powders may
Not come from thee? my *Lady Kents* give way.
Both Monk and Souldier owns thee, for I know,
Both Preſſes thou doſt ſtoutly undergo.
And now to pleaſe the Ladies thou haſt brought,
Not things farre fetch'd, nor yet too dearly bought:

* *The Stand where the Author was firſt plac'd a Centry*

Thou

Thou mak'ſt their Kitchin-Gardens give them more
Then *Ægypt* and both th' *Indies* did before.
Thus *common* things, not *vulgar*, are made nice,
And cheapneſs ſometimes may enhanſe the price.
What thou haſt done with ſtaffe of place and wealth
We know not, but I'me ſure the ſtaffe of health
Thou carri'ſt ſtill before us, and our part
Is but to follow well, and praiſe thy Art:
Great Art, that doth not only ſave but cure,
Preventive too, as well as make t' endure.
Wherefore I ſhall no more of thee rehearſe,
Who giv'ſt us Mirth, and Phyſick, in a verſe:
And thoſe that will not for thy doſe give Fee,
Let them want verſes, and their health for me.

Philogeiton.

H. F. Dr. L. L.

To

To Mr. Gayton *on his Art of* LONGEVITY.

FOr Surfeits ſome pay dear, even all their wealth,
Others farre dearer, their more precious health.
Yet heavier puniſhment, we ſee, or read,
Poor *Copenhagen* feels it from the *Swede*,
Whoſe Sword, with Famine ſharper then its edge,
Now ſadly gives the *Daniſh* Healths a Pledge.
Could now one cure this feaſting evil, give
Sick appetite the great Reſtorative;
Teach us to feed like Burgers, yet to riſe
Like Doctors, leſſe merry, and more wiſe,
To ſuch a *Galen*, Cities that abound
In Riches, noble Penſions might propound:
I wiſh they would, facetious *Gayton*, then
Should'ſt thou have Fees due to thy learned Pen;
That from th' *Arabians* hath to us transferr'd
The Secret, that preſerves that long-liv'd Bird,
Which thou preſcrib'ſt, not in hard words, that make
The Bill as nauſeous as the Drugs we take.
'So clearly and ſo well thy Book is writ,
That we have here choice Diet, and choice Wit.

Robert Stapylton Knight.

To

To his honoured Friend Mr. Edmund Gayton *on his Art of* Longevity.

WHy how now fellow Souldier! what you write?
It must be sure to get what you by fight
Have lost; in troth we had ill luck by th' Sword;
Those were *By-blows*, thou better art at word:
And why of Diet prithee, when we know
All Cavaliers are forc'd to live too low
Under the Rule of Lessius, small provant
Will serve those men o'th' Garrison of *Gaunt*:
So oft reform'd (that's squeez'd) they't brought alass,
Toth' *Mum*, and Diet of *Pythagoras*.
Platonick love we new may justifie,
Since *meats Platonick* make sobriety;
And what i'th' fulness of the *Court* was Fable
Romance all, is true from thy spare Table,
And yet the sheet abounds in services,
The worst of service, only of the eyes.
He that doth feed on thee *Poetick Mun*,
Must change himself to a *Camelion*:
For all thy Diet,, and choice Bill of Fare,
Is only words, and that's but wind and air.

FRANCISCUS ASTON *Capt.*

Militiæ Puerilis.

A Diæteticall INSTITUTION.

CHAP. I.

WHileſt I intend a wholſome *Diet-Rule*, (*Schoole*,
And write of Meats and Drinks from *Phyſicks*
It ought to be preſum'd our ſtate is good,
And that we have to buy our daily Food:
For what hath he to do to vex his thought
How he ſhould eat, that hath no victuals bought?
Wherefore we do amand Duke *Humphrey*'s Gueſt,
For their Proviſion truly is o'th' leaſt.
A Dog doth fare much better with his bones,
Than thoſe whoſe table meat and drink are ſtones:
But that *great Duke* is out of houſe and home,
And his grand Palace is a *Den* become;
But not ſo good as is the *Lions den*,
Or *Foxes holes*, there's ſcraps for many men;
There is no Ordinary of News and Talk,
No not ſo much is left as *Weymarks* Walk,
No not ſo much (if you will pleaſe to go in)
Doth th' head remain of Welch Cozen *Owen*;
Who for this violence done unto his name
Will riſe and pay her with an *Epigram*:
He was ſet up with ſuch a peaking Face,
As if to th' *Humphreyans* h' had been ſaying Grace;
That word doth hint our buſineſs, doth as well
As if I'd heard the *Colledge Buttry-bell*.

Then first we shall rehearse in humble Rimes
What time and hour we mount our Belly-chimes;
For it doth stand with excellent reason
To have for meats, as other things, a *Season*.
For so it was ordain'd by our *Creator*,
(And still perform'd by *naturated nature*)
The Earth, the Air, the Sea, (would y' have more
Than such an able triple *Providore*?)
With tempestivous delicacies strive,
To please us in a various nutritive:
And with successive courses interchanging,
They have for every time a severall ranging;
No *Aulicus*, *Culman*, no nor *Clerk*,
Shew such a bill of Fare as was i'th' Ark:
And as by Couples they to *Noah* came
To be preserved, they do the very same
To us to be destroyed; for Master *Venter*
Consumeth all that into it doth enter:
It is for this luxurious *Anthony*,
And puired vice, our *Cleopatry*,
The ransackt Elements do not afford
Enough Provision for the Bed and Boord.
Would it not prove thy whole Arithmetick
To cast in Cyphers what is spent by th' week?
(Friend *Noah*) in this great Metropolis,
Without the Tavern style, of *Bread* and *Cheese*,
What droves of Higlers post in from the Fens
With Fowls most *Epicæne*, both Cocks and Hens?
Of all which company I don t enjoy
One Duck, and yet related to a *Coy*.
But oh the heads we see of greater heards!
Not *Iô* was so fair when *Iove* afeard,
(That *Iuno* did suspect her self cornute)
Had turn'd his delicate Lady to a Brute:
Nor when himself was pleas'd a *Bull* to lowe,
Could he our two late *Fansen Beeves* out-show?

The

The wayes on every rode are all blockt up
With the whole family of those that *Tup*:
Who all like other innocents come
Unto these Shambles, to receive their doom.
St. *Lukes* is past, and *Rumford* rode doth whine,
As if that *Circe* were alive with Swine:)
'Piggs have their *Tide* too, and there is a *Fare*
'For those, who in their lives most filthy are.
How many Babies on S. *Margrets* Hill
(If all that name to her continue still)
Lie pil'd in Tray (as they were wont in Trough)
And yet (as if there were not Pigg enough)
Old *Bartholmew* with Purgatory Fire
Destroyes the *Babe* of many a *doubtfull Sire*:
Nor doth the Sea deny his vast supplies,
In greater Fishes and the lesser Fries,
As to our cost, the *street o'th' name* can tell,
How cheap soe're the Fish, the dressing's fell.
The very *King of Fish* his season knows,
And in vast shoals his just obedience shews;
So all the rest of that blew Monarchy
Follow their leader, all resolv'd to die.
How do the painted Mack'rell load our Shallops?
And lest they smell, do put the winds to th' gallop.
Lord, what a din the Sluts at *Billingsgate*
Do make about the tother cast of Sprats!
And open more their monstrous mouths in vain,
Than do their Oysters against tide or rain:
Nor may we pass the place where Chimney-sweep
Doth now instead o'th' Cross his station keep:
* There is a *Cornucopia* walk but thorough,
(Where is the like, except at *Edenburough*?)
Oh had our Sister Burrough such a fate,
T' have had her double stalls of Flesh and Plate,
Her name might then have *Eden* been, whereas
For want of both she came e'ne where it was;

* In Cheapside where the Herb-market was, but now without a Writ removed into S. *Paul's* Ch. yard.

And

And ſo retains unto this Nations ſorrow,
From *our loſt gewds*, the laſt part of it borrow.
But I believe the Sallads of the place,
And Phyſicall Herbage, for a twelve-months ſpace
Would be too great a fraight and ſumme to trie
The bank o'th' *Caledonick* Pedlary.
And now I think 'tis time the Bill of Fare,
Given in and read, for Dinner to prepare.

Chap. II. Queſtion I.

(*a*) An *Arabian* Phyſitian.
(*b*) A *Diet-Directory* ſo called.
(*c*) The great Gut.

WHat time and hour is beſt to eat at? Anſwer,
(*a*) As *Raſis* doth adviſe in his (*b*) *Almanſor*,
(Now *Raſis* was in Phyſick a *ſage Solon*)
After our former meats have paſs'd grand (*c*) Colon,
And the *Saburra* of the place unloaded,
No longer meat, no longer drink be avoided:
A little exerciſe, but not to ſweat,
Excites the duller appetite to eat:
Soon as the eager Gentleman is rais'd
Fall on a Gods name (that's with *God be prais'd*:)
Do not defraud him, nay, we can't, I fear,
Hope to diſſwade, where there is ne're an ear.
But as it happens at a *Lord Mayors Shew*
(For greater Feſtivals we do not know)
It is ſo long before the hundredth diſh
Is plac'd, and the *Sword-bearer* to his wiſh,
Hath chang'd the Sword o'th' City for a Knife
(Sharp as the Carver) ſo did tew to th' life,
And laid about moſt powerfully (his heat
And the ſharp humour laid) doth no defeat:

Then

'Then or with vinegar or violets ſyrrup,
'You may this lazy couchant Lion ſtir up;
But if you have not any of thoſe at hand,
(I hope hot water may be at command)
Not *Aqua vitæ* (though a dramme for crude
And pituitous ſtomacks may be good:)
But here tis *Æſops heated water* meant,
Which once tane down, the ſtomack upward ſent:
After relouncing, if the ſtomack bray
(Like a ſharp Aſs, for thiſtles or for hay)
Give its *demenſum*, let it feed *pro more*
On any meat that is ſet down before ye;
And for the *quoties*, let it as it wont
(Unleſs ſome vitious cuſtome's paramont)
Then by degrees relinquiſh that, not ſudden,
'No haſty thing is good, ſcarce haſty pudding,
Twice in a day, or what's more temperate,
Thrice in two dayes, or as 'tis forc'd of late,
(*Once in a day*) for ſqueez'd & dreyn'd Revenue
Is good to feed the bellies lank Retinue;
Take't from a prudent Prince, who'l tell ye,
By no means make a Cloke-bag of your belly. (*d*)

(*d*) That is, to carry double proviſion for two meals.

CHAP.

Chap. III.

Vpon the Appetite, and custome of eating.

AS we have us'd for *Custome* (as a *second Nature*, is by learn'd (*a*) *Averroes* reckon'd)
So still persist, for it is good for men
To eat what they are wont, saith *Avicen*;
For totall change of diet cannot be
Commended, nor from hence hath warranty.
Nor we mean here, like *Henry* of *Narar*,
(The happy Thunderbolt of the *French war*)
(Who angry with his chiding Confessor,
'Cause he enjoyned frequent penance for
His often Peccadilloes, 'gainst the breach
Of the seventh Precrept, and did Doctrines teach
Of conjugall charity) this Prince wroth,
Confin'd the *Priest* to *Capon* and *white Broth*
For constant diet, twas a dish he lov'd,
But for so long continuance not approv'd.
The Story's known, apply but meat to wives,
But does not hold in things we treat with knives:
More than one dish may be by us accosted,
Whether the fare be baked, sodden, or rosted:
The *Crambe* of one dish a *Greek* 'twould kill,
If he's enforc'd to feed upon it still:
Nor (*b*) *Epicurus* like, or like his drove,
To gurmundize and Jerfe it do we prove,
And wish to find the lech'ry of Provant,
Philoxenus his neck, or Cormorant.
This were to be a *Wood* or *Maxriot*,
Two *English Helluas* for his daily pot,
The heads of Beasts, with their appertinance,
Entrails and all, would not a meal advance.

(*a*) Another *Arabian* Physitian and grand Philosopher, called for his expositions of *Aristotle* the *Commentator*.

(*b*) *Epicurrs*, another Philosopher.

(*c*) A jerfe is an animall, that eats so much untill it is forced to get betwixt two cleft parts of a tree for exenteration, that is, unloading, *vid.* my uncle *Pliny*, & *Alian de varia historia*.

Such

Such throats (as Cormorants are us'd in game)
Should be ſtring-throtled, or the poor will blame;
No, rather do, as we in ſundry places
In his *Almanzor* are advis'd by *Raſis*,
Make an election of your food (and where
There s choice, one diſh is not preſum'd the cheer)
Nor have at all, for then we eat a Muſſe,
That is not manly, Swine do onely thus.
Then let our meats themſelves be ſimply good,
Yet one mans poyſon is anothers food:
And what our palate takes and cuſtome likes,
Though not ſo nouriſhing, will paſſe the pikes,
I mean the Paliſadoes of the face,
Which have, in point of eating, the firſt place;
For manduration and our thorough chewing
Prepares what is into the ſtomack going,
And doth facilitate the work o'th' place,
(Which doth not gobbets like, nor gubbins baſe)
For as it goes it payes a certain toll
To th' palate, doth that Avenue controll;
There it receives an introductive change,
Before it come into the ſtomacks range:
And therefore Brawn, thouh a moſt luſty meat,
Is no wayes for a toothleſſe Dame to eat,
Beſide the hazard, which way ere 't ſhould ſlip,
(Or down the throat, or back to the diſh skip;)
Without good chewing it would lie to heavy
For th' *Aqua vitæ* bottles us'd Replevy:
Yet unto ſuch, whoſe conſtitution,
Like *Cato*'s, needs no contribution
Of Counſels, nor of doſe from Medicil Art,
(Who for his proper ſafety had a part
Of pitiful Phyſick, in moroſer adage,
Teaching all cures by *vomit* and by *Cabadge*,
So did preſerve unto a wondrous length
His Iron ſides, and almoſt Oſtrich ſtrength.)

(Par-

(Pardon the ſpace of this Parenthaſis)
To ſuch we ſay, Athletick bulks as his;
Diet that's ſimply bad you may not give,
He might with *Cabbadge*, not with *Hemlock* live:
Let us I pray be rightly underſtood,
You may eat bad, but not your baſeſt food;
Nor bad at all, if it diſguſt, but naughty
And pleaſing meat does well, as hath been taught ye.

CHAP. IV.

Of the order of Refection.

LEt not your checquer'd Table crack with diſhes,
Pil'd like a ſtructure with Land-Beaſts and Fiſhes;
'For multitude of meats, as well as books,
'Diſtracts the brain, and belly likewiſe looks
For a digeſtion, t' eat at all, or read
Without it, ſhews rather haſt than good ſpeed:
The brain or ſtomack, if o're-cloy'd
By ſuperfluities, are both doſtroy'd:
Nature hath but one Cook, then ſend not in
The ſtudied work of ten Cooks managing;
It would be thought a wonder amongſt men,
If one Eſurient Cook ſhould eat up ten.
Thence comes corruption, when that Cook is tir'd,
Gives o're the work, and in the kitchin mir'd:
Oh how he fumes! all *Cooks* are *Cholerick*,
And ſends his vapours crude and flegmatick
About the houſe (makes a foul houſe with all)
Diſeaſes *ſpring* is *Cacochimicall*.

Next

Next, let your lighter meats, and the ſubtiler
Be faln upon before the groſs and viler.
Wherefore my *Don*, not *Don Quixot*, I mean,
(For ſuch proviſion ſeldome there was ſeen)
At ſecond courſe begins, and to be brief,
Eats (if he have it) at the laſt his beef.
Take heed, good *Simon*, how you ſup your broth,
Much miſchief comes through the accuſtom'd ſloth
And negligence of Cooks, both he and ſhe,
Of all ſuch Cooks, *cleanly* come thou to me:
Not ſifting Oatmeal, and the ingredients,
Which make your Mattin-cawdle liquaments,
Is cauſe, that frequently moſt durty Atomes
In ſilver Cups go toward the Ladies botomes:
'Now, though that blind men uſe to ſwallow flies,
'They would not ſurely, if they had their eyes.
This may be help'd yet, by a wholſome drainer,
(If that you think the caution's not the vainer.)
To things more pertinent we will proceed,
('Yet a good Poet died by a * Grapes ſeed)
No man will therefore (I do mean that wiſe is)
Contemn us for our mean, but true adviſes:
But as our various dinner is a fault,
So is our *ſtay*, and long *remove o'th' Salt*;
It is not good (like *Dutch*) *I can't Dutch ſpreaken*,
To ſit at Table till our bellies breaken:
Feed untill midnight, and chareſs all commers,
And think all Phyſick is in crowned Rummers.
A dang'rous cuſtome, and doth cauſe the ſtivers
To march apace into their *intrail-drivers*.
Oh how our Farriers thrive by fitting drenches
For many a *Hogen Mogen*, *Men* and *Wenches*!
But ſhall we eat at all? or what? you'l ſay
Yes, yes, you ſhall, and ſhall no longer ſtay.
Since that in Winter 'twas my hap to write,
Actuall hot meats are beſt for th' appetite:

*An Acreon.

And when the Summers pleasing heat is come,
Let *actual cold meats* be i'th' others room:
Think not all *hots* are of the Pottage-pot,
Nor nothing cold but what its dressing got
The night before, but what by nature is,
Or hot or cold, are so with emphasis:
Wherefore those things, whose quality's so cold,
As if made so by snow, from them withhold;
Or whose intensive heats (without the fire)
Do warm, to eat have not too much desire:
Lubrick, that's glibbery, and the meat that's moist
And juicy, before drier fare accost;
Sweet meats, and *sawce that's sowr* (though an old Saw)
Is a good Rule in *Avicenna's* Law;
So mix your cold and hot, your moist and dry,
That neither have a grand predominancy:
And with these four precautions you may dine,
For contraries do their own selves refine:
And while they strive each to be Master,
The broken Elements are safest posture;
So they do rarely temperate become;
Such Wars produce a Peace, tis Pipe and Drum;
Wherefore let fat and unctious Swines-flesh swimme
In sharp and sawces tart up to the brimme:
Methinks it is a Dish highly *abhorrens*
To see a Pig *bemeast'd* all in *Currans*.
D' you ask what place is best to take repast in?
(Not such as mine, for that's a place to fast in:)
But you that have your residence for food,
The coolest place, except the Cellar,'s good;
And sometimes I have known that hath been us'd,
And for its coolnesse ought not be refus'd:
But for its *heat*, as from a *noli me*
Tangere, flye, for there the Bottles lye:
And ever since *Erasmus* call'd it Hell,
You might in one as welll as th'other dwell,

In that with liquid fire they'r hard put to't,
In this God *Bacchus* is drunk up in boot:
Certes this custome is in memory,
The pretty *Bulchins Cradle was a Thigh.*
But in the Summer your coole um-brages,
And hid Recesses be your Diet-stages,
Provided that no intervemient wind
Through doores or crevises nor strain'd aire find
Accesse unto the place, for tis debated,
And found, the worst of air is preco-lated;
But chiefly chuse a ventilated place,
When that the Sun is in his highest race:
For native heat's by that extracted much,
Just as the fires, if Sun-beams do it touch;
But interpose a Screen, or else the Maid
Your fire's preserv'd, your stomack by the shade.
But if you have no such *Sycamor* places,
Eat at an hour that's cool then (saith my *Rasis*)
After meat taken, rest, or sleep, saith he,
Sleep not, say some, *The Doctors disagree*:
Revive *Mayerne*, and he will bid you sleep,
Old *Paddy* bid you smoke, your eyes ope keep:
I'm for the later Knight, my patron, who
Gave me his Colledge, shall give Counsel too.

Chap. V.

Of Meats in generall.

THe first considerable food is *Bread*,
Which *He* in Sacred Prayer hallowed,
Who in that Prayer κατεξοχὴν (which bears
Its high-sprung Makers name, and to all years,
Must stand *Matrix* of holy *Liturgies*,
And be both *Form* and *Part* o'th' Services,
Better than all the *whole)* the platform lead,
'Of whom to ask, and wherewith to be fed.
Our daily bread includes, as in a word,
The All-abundance of our fullest board:
And he whose belly's full with bread alone,
(And blessing 'fore and after) were't a stone,
Shall find a satisfaction in his fare,
As great as if h' had din'd with my Lord May'r:
There is a tast of his Religion,
Who dares not write so large as Dr. *Brown*.
Now to our Phisical design, we treat,
Therefore the civiliz'd part o'th' world with Wheat,
The *Bread compacted*, and most stoutly kneaded,
Sifted most clean from *bran*, and as it needed,
Salted and *leaven'd* by your Barm and Quick'ning,
And throughly bak'd, will keep you best from sick'ning;
'Tis light and tart, as your good housewives say,
And makes i'th' body a convenient stay:
For cleansed from its Bran, which makes it swift
Of passage, and is onely good for drift,
Or scouring hands or pewter, or the hair,
(But for the rich Jessimy Butters rare,
And Mr. *Cutbeards* Powder) it will fix,
And till a due egestion moves it, sticks:

And

And *oven-bak*'d is best, the *hearth* is poor,
And onely fit for *Caledonian Boor*;
Except their Oat-cakes, nothing doth me please,
Nor *Solan Geese*, *Bannock*, nor *Barnacles*:
And spungy let it rise by its quick leaven,
For bread unleaven'd is not easily driven
Out of the stomack, but doth stay too long,
And by its pains doth do the belly wrong:
It makes obstruction in the *Liver*, and
Who would imagine Bread should turn to Sand?
Or to a Stone? its evil quality
Doth slime the reins, and there doth *petrifie*.
The *Bread of Barley*, the tough plowmans food,
Is colder nutriment, and not so good:
But those who sweat, and swink, and thwack, like stentors,
will digest stones, if on them they adventure;
But otherwise that Bread doth little nourish;
Tis windy too, and makes the *Colick* flourish,
And causeth cold diseases, binds the belly,
And lies quiescent like a costive jelly.
As other grains are in their natures, so
Is the Bread is made of any Dough:
Bean-bread is flatulent and course,
But good for those have stomacks like a horse;
So *Turnip-bread*, a new and late devise,
To fatten Hogs and Horses in a trice;
The curse of all *Corn-Chandlers*, who, by that
Project, do keep their grain for the old Rat.
Lastly, your Bread, when *hot*, by no means eat,
Nor butter'd loaves, they'r clungy clogging meat,
And bung the intrails up, you cannot make
A passage, though you down long confects take;
Yet 'tis *Scholars breakfast* of the *Times*,
Which makes them of such pregnancy in Rimes.
Yet if *hot loaves* you do account so dear,
You may for worms apply 'um to your ear.

CHAP.

Chap. VI.

Of Drinks, and first of Wine

WHilest I do write thy profits, and the good
Thou dost confer (plump Grapes most noble blood)
Ineither have nor call for helps from thee,
Thou voucht infuser of high Poetry;
It is enough for those who write thy praise,
Such as my Father *Ben*, whose head with bayes,
Scarce yet inherited, thou justly crown'dst,
To be *Silenus* like, well souc'd and plounc'd
In essences of Sack, whence spirits follow,
Richer and higher than his own *Apollo*.
Let those thy brave and warm contagions boast,
Who do recite to th' profit of their hoast
And club-delight, whate're th' hesternall fire,
(Not at next meeting quencht) did fore-inspire:
A long forgetfulnesse hath seiz'd my soul,
Nor have I felt thy flames since *Henham* Bowl;
The cooler *Hypocrene* is spurn enough,
And the cleer liquor headed from the hoof
Of the wing'd *Courser*, serves for such poor stuff,
As humbly now comes forth his Muses Cell,
Is sutable, and hath its name from *Well*; *
Yet we will yield thee a just Elogie,
Far from a strain'd and wrackt Hyperbole,
Whereby it shall appear thy fotive fire,
Was present in our wish; and full desire
We say, and prove, thou art that nutritive
That keeps the spirits and the soul alive:
And thy known pregnant operations joyns
Those cognate paires, as to thine *Elmes*, *are Vines*,

Well-hal in *Kent*, the Manour of Mr *Repts*, *of the descent of the lear-Sir Tho.* Moor, *L.Ch. of Engl.*

Support-

Supporting those most rare Auxiliaries (b)
By thine allied and subtile offices:
So that Dame (c) *Psyche* doth no servant more
(Being absent long) than thine own self deplore:
At thy returns (for *Queens* do love and keep
Their State too) though in sorrows plunged peep,
Shee is reviv'd, and her quick actions prove,
Her alter'd instruments and her close love.
'For thy affinity is such, so like
'With naturall heat, that as the flint doth strike
'Sparkles and fire, the ready tinder takes
'The darted Stars, and a glad union makes:
So when thy vigorous cherishing gleams
Reflect upon our blew and purple streams,
They all receive an influence from Thee,
And their alliance forthwith gratifie:
Then as a loyall kinsman would, thou dost
Nourish and heal, and dost expel the frost,
Both naturall and Christian away flies,
At thy approaches cold, and crudities:
And in the Christian Frost thou art as brief,
'Making th' afflicted to forget his grief;
The grosser blood thou streight dost clarifie,
No *Scavenger* in all the world like *Thee*,
Who by no tricks of Dung-carts new or old
Cleanseſt the purple * channell when tis foul'd.
Then to the common shore of blood thou goest,
And all obstruction from the liver throwest;
And thy new bush, not broom, sweeps clean,
And mundifies the sinck of All, the Spleen.
What misty vapour, or opacous fume
Dare stay, when that thy excellence is come?
'As if some unthought Prince had faln from high,
'(Lost in opinion, and to th' common eye)
'His half incredulous friends, 'twixt joy and fear,
'Dare not believe, nor dare not doubt him there;

(b) The Spirits

(c) The Soul.

* The Veins.

'But

'But ſetled in a view inſtead of Bels
'And Boneſires, the heart flames, the pulſe beats peals.
So at reception of this Prince of Drinks,
The exalted hearrt it ſelf in Paradiſe thinks,
And every member of its warmed Trunk
Shoots out, and leaps, though once 'twere ſinew-ſhrunk.
Joy is diſpers'd, and the relieved ſoul
Doth all her ranſom'd Miniſters controul;
A noble boldneſſe doth poſſeſſe the *mind*,
To ſuffer injuries of any kind,
Not to commit the leaſt, and ſhe dares do
What in her ſhrivel'd ſtate ſhe fear'd to ſhew.
Magnanimous indeed, and prone to ſeek,
Adventures, and her ſelf t' expreſs and ſpeak,
Not as the over-heated valiant Swine
(Pot-pertinacious ſometimes, but not Wine.)
But theſe are ſober Animoſities,
Which raiſe our wiſdomes, as our Fantaſies,
Which coupled friendly in a ſocial heat,
They can the tract of any buſineſs beat.
'Wherefore let Proclamation forthwith be,
'That every Sex and Age have liberty
'At any time, to taſt this precious juice,
'Whoſe vertues are ſo high, ſo good his uſe.
And for the *Quantum?* or how much we may,
(Methinks the Vintnes cry, Tel's that I pray,
That the laſt Impoſt by a general draught
May be forgot, and the ſunk price out-quaſt;)
And truly, ſo it will make friends, we may
Drink what our natures well can bear away,
And the firm habits of unſpoiled brains
'(Some drink not freely, but are in wine-chains)
Can gallantly diſcharge, without a ſpoil
Unto our purſe, or to our ſouls a ſoil.
Now Wine is wondrous like *Theriaca*, (*a*)
So ſtrange his various numerous vertues play;

(*a*) Treacle.

Cold

Cold humours it doth heat, infrigidates hot,
Moiſtens the dry, and where tough moiſture's got,
Extenuates; ſuch *Protean* qualities
Hath the rare Plant, that ſmokes before our eyes:
Of both which excellent creatures, *Wine* and *Smoke*,
I dare affirm, that were you like to choke
With thirſt, the one or tother ſhall your d oughth
Aſſwage, before the cooleſt water down your mouth.
Now take what *Raſis* ſaith, Wine doth retard
Old age, and all its lazy flegmatick guard:
Unto the ſtomack 'tis the ſworn *Ephaſtion*,
Corroborates, and miniſters digeſtion.
But after all theſe Panegyrick ſhews,
There is, beware, a *Serpent* in the cloſet;
I mean not that is drank with Vipers in't,
But in every Butt that paſſeth by the pint.
'If you abuſe it to undecencies,
'And murder it in ſuperfluities,
'The vertue's loſt, and in the vacant place
'Your own Diſeaſes come, and Wine's diſgrace:
'The dry'd up Liver, and the trembling Nerves,
'Caus'd from the moiſtned brains, return'd reſerves:
Contracting Spaſma, and cold Apoplexie,
Abuſed Grapes, conſpired friends will vex ye.

CHAP. VII.

Of Meath or Metheglin.

THe Bee, that ſubtil and induſtrious creature,
Of pains incredulous, but little feature,
Doth from the profits of his balmy thighs,
For lazier men, hive up his ſweet ſupplies:
If from the eater honey came, the bee
Both emblem is and child of induſtry.
Madam, your ſelf is an unwinged Bee,
Diſdain not (Lady) this mean ſimile,
When the grand Plato, learned, grave and wiſe,
Deſcrib'd a man by theſe two differences,
Unfeather'd and two-legg'd, ſo in a mock,
They ſent him home his own man, a pluckt cock:
When that I ſaw more then Hyblean skill,
And Bees to have but one art, you what you will;
The Ants and Graſhoppers ſubmit to you,
And think themſelves but drones when you'r in view;
Your various artifices your ſex diſgrace,
(Ev'n unto painting skill'd, all but the face)
It put me to an Emulation then,
(Oh that there were no other ſtrifes 'mongſt men)
To ſee a Lady of ſuch diligences,
Of more Profeſſions Miſtreſs then of Senſes:
And I that paid for dearly what they call,
Howe're the ſeven endowments liberall,
(But fooliſh purchaſer took but ſmal ware
For money and time, the which was far more rare)
Could not for all my ſeven years penniworth,
Shew ſo good arts as you did then hold forth;
Nay I profeſs it, were experience made,
(Excepting in this ſcribling quibling taade)

The

The exigent put, you would your fortunes carve,
In any part o'th' world, tnd I might ſtarve;
Nay in my very ſubject, if you pleaſe,
You could out-vy me too in recipes,
And teach the medling fool to be more quiet.
And come to Henham-hall to ſtudy diet;
Where Metheglin ev'ry winter morn,
With toſt and tankard to our lips are born:
For honey is exceeding hot (ſaith *Raſis*)
And is high food for bodies cold, and places:
The pearl o'th' morning genders blood and choler,
So one way good, and th' other naught for ſcholar:
But for complexions ſanguine, ſuch as mine,
It is leſs wholſom, then a little wine;
But to cold perſons, and of ſinews weak,
And flegmatick, and Ladies ſtomack-ſick,
It is a high and ſure corroborator,
As ſaith our Avacena's commentator:
The ways to make it are ſo many, I
Had rather drink a cup of't, then deſcry.

CHAP. VIII.

Of Ale.

DRnk famous, infamous, prais'd and diſprais'd,
From ſtygian lakes, that's muddy harbours rais'd
From common ſhores and father Ben's adventures,
How dar'ſt thou boiled bog or muzzles enter?
But when the keen cheroketh blows ſat Bumpkin,
Who will refuſe to drink thee in a Rumpkin?
Enough is written for thee, pro and con,
Yet ſince hops came thy name is almoſt gon:

But that the Alderman hath cleans'd thy tide,
And makes us wish thee yet amongst us Bide.
And Huff of famous memory, that Huff,
Who to his ale had no sign but his ruff;
That, and his ale most smooth, did so well work,
The house was full of Christian and of Turk;
And in demulsing lubrick mornings drafts,
A good estate into old Huff was quaft,
What is ale good for? look against his doors,
And you shall see them rotted with ale-showrs:
It hath this speciall commendation,
To cleanse the ureter, and break the Stone:
Just as a feather-bed the flint doth break,
So th' other stone your North-down-ale alike:
Thy mother Barly is an enemy
To th' nerves, that makes men stagger after thee,
Drunk beyond Huffs demensum, who did stint
In's regular ruff, his guests unto a pint.
(But at one session) yet go forth, and face
About, and then you might take tother glasse:
Windy thou art, whethr in bottles close
Corkt up a pris'ner, and as bad let loose;
Yet foul and gravell'd reins thou dost make terse,
Not made too strong, aud by good store, disperse:
'Tis weight, as much as vertue, does that feat,
Tunbridge and Barnet, of opinion great,
Are no more soveraign then the wholsom spring,
To which sir Thomas gave a covering
And bowls in chains, the aged man can tell,
When Barnet fails, those waters fell as well
To cousend citizens, yet we can't deny.
Ta many baths specifick quality:
But chiefly (as by parentage I'm bound)
I like the wells in Wellingborrough-ground;
Whose spring's renoun'd for vertue uterine,
And still is famous for our pregnant queen.

But

But to our ale (and there is humming ſtuff
As good as any tinker did ere cuff.)
Thoſe who indulge themſelves to too much wines,
Allay that heat by thee, and cool their chines:
Onely like nirty ſack it leaves a tail,
And lies in the clung'd throat moſt roapy ale,
But daughter of the tother mother, wheat,
And mixt with mint or ſmallage, thou art neat;
And ſage or wormwood in a ſmall degree,
Do clear thy fog, and groſsneſs clarifie:
But now theſe later knowing dayes have made
Thee fit infuſion for our phyſick-trade:
The Lettices of ale-compounded ſhops
Are now as numerous as thoſe of hops:
There's ſcarce a ſtreet in which out worſhips go in,
But that thy name in ſome new mode doth crow in;
A proper word, ſince every where they drape on,
In live ale or mortified Cock or Capon;
The phyſick of the Spring and Fall is ale,
And bags of drugs and Simples by ſea ſail,
As they were returning from the Indies,
To be ingredients for this woort ſo windy:
Had *Culpeper* but ſtrain'd his faculties,
And ſtead of what he did tranſlated this
Into ſome forreign Countrey, and not Tongue,
He had the nation been the prime among:
But now *Riverus* and the Staple-book
Of Compoſitions, on him ſcurv'ly look,
For proſtituting the art; for no Bawd,
Moral or civil, can our Verſe applaud;
Vehiculum of every drug, I may
Call thee moſt aptly by the name of *Dray*;
Nay to the very arts of Schools thou'rt come,
By ſad exchange of rods for *lotium*,
And made moſt ſwingeing ale for butts,
I mean the place *eccentra* to the guts:

Tra-

Tradition pleads for thee (for ale is old)
And ſince thy ſad diſuſe, the world is bold
To charge the Stone i'th' body, and the Church,
Upon thy vale Doctors make a ſearch,
And try if Hereſy, and that ſharp pain
From ale's deſertion, did not footing gain.

CHAP. IX.

Of Beere.

Beer is a hop remov'd from ale, the hop
from a damn'd weed is a common crop:
'So things condemn'd and cenſur'd, are retain'd,
'Becauſe forbidden, it more credit gain'd:
Yet if maturely rotted, where no fault
Is in the beer by foul and wively malt,
Well kept and lodg'd, and purged by the ſea,
Or Marches two, it may probatum be:
But indigeſted hops and unboil'd beer
Make Doctors Jubile ev'ry year:
Some anti-hoppiſts are for broom, and make
The bleſſed Carduus, that infuſion lake.
This laſt is phyſick-drink, and your broom-beer
Is bitter, and to wood-dry'd malt is near;
But gentle Purle is good, and botled beſt;
And Twiſt is good, ſo ſings Will Hoopers gueſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Of Flesh-meats in generall.

IT is an an axiom in Philosophy,
That every like its like is nourisht by:
Wherefore consid'ring that we'r flesh and blood,
And flesh and blood is our most proper food;
But generall rules have their exception,
Grammer and Nature in like orders run,
For whom all things were made; Man paramount,
Lord of the creature, may the creature count,
His diet and his staves, he may eat all,
Except himself, he is no Caniball:
And though unto a proverb it is true,
Man is a woolf to man; 't should not be so:
For the most rav'nous of creatures do forbear,
And don't themselves a dire provision tear;
That sow's unfed will their dead babies eat,
And hounds do make the noble horse their meat,
Is not enough to make a president, no,
But what is alwayes, or plerumque, so;
The princely Eagle, and the Buzzard base,
Feed not on birds when offal's in the place;
So at the Samaria's siege, the King did give
A sentence for that child that was alive,
Not of the dead, for grand necessity,
And famine's nurse to Anthropophogie.
This doth not hinder then, but still a Thesis
Holds Flesh is food generall, and pleases;
Nothing so fattens, so corroborates,
Nothing the body's life-guard so creates,
(The red coat blood, in blew coat veins of State)

The

The yellow coat's of cholar, flegmatick,
Of white and blak coats that i'th' reer doth ſtick;
Of earthly melancholy, who'd ſuppoſe
His body did four Regiments incloſe?
Wherefore the perſons that do feed ſo high,
Have often need of good Phlebotomy:
For fleſh proviſion of all ſorts doth heat,
Wherefore in Feavers we prescribe ſmall meat,
Or none at all, unleſs the Patient pleaſe,
Spight of advice, to feed his own diſeaſe;
The fleſhy ſubſtance ſtripped off't, the fat
Doth nouriſh beſt, and leſſer harms creat:
Strengthens the ſtomack, and doth kindly lie
For coction, Suns much ſupefluity.
Herculean bodies and *Pyracmon* ſides
Can digeſt Garlick, and the Onion fry'd;
Butter and bacon may devour and ſwallow,
Yea, and put over too a Beev's whole tallow:
Athletick bodies we provide nor for,
Nor yet for *Wood*, nor the ſharp *Counſelor*;
But ſedentary men of little pains
Muſt not with ſuch groſs ſtuff anoynt their veins:
A lighter diet, and a *modicum*,
Little and often food their ſtates become.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Of Wood-Animalls.

NOw we are in a *Wood*, yet no ſuch *Wood*,
As girts *your* palace, nor the Deer ſo good;
Where in ſome ſummer walks with early thought,
The velvet drove I to acquaintance brought;
As known to them almoſt as were your keepers,
(Scholers and Forreſters are little ſleepers)
I had my walks, my *Hamadryades*,
But his ſhrill *Syrinx* did out eccho theſe
Oaten and ſlender pipes, though not ſo vocall,
Which have their Forreſt too, but 'tis not locall:
Poets have all things in their *fancy*, good,
So the poetick man is alwaies *Wood*;
And as old writings were on barks of trees,
Without a Figure Books are Copices,
And ſuch a *Rus*, and in *Feneſtra* too
Is mine, Beaſts ſubject, Trees a Book or two;
And I your *ſable* Forreſter, yet *Iohn a Green*
In heart, am frequent in my night-walks ſeen,
Where if I like a Fawn o'th' nobler head,
With all haſt (Madam) to your ſelf 'tis ſped.
Creatures o'th' Wood are wooden Animals,
That is, are dry, compar'd to Beeves of ſtalls;
The houſhold creatures, which by eaſe do fat,
And nothing of their fleſh evaporate,
Yeild a more jucy nutriment, then Deer,
Cutting half knife in fat, meat for a *Peer*;
The active tenants of the inclofed Wood,
By conſtant motion cleanſe their chafed blood,
And rarifie their ſpirits by Levaltos,
Like the rare Turk, in all your pleaſant *Saltus*;

Besides their scituation, hot and dry,
Doth alwaies much obesity deny.
Who ever saw a Spaniard over fat?
Their Countrey-man (the SUN) prohibits that,
Who by extensive heats exhals their moist,
Unlesse perchance some Spaniard the Seas crost,
And *Leiger* lay in *England*, then he might
Return a Shew, and the *Madrids* delight:
Of all that wild and noble *Caravan*,
The skipping *Kid* is soundest meat for man;
Who by his frequent exercise doth cure
The coldnesse of his temper, and dispures
The tincture of his coat and fulsome skin
Into *Rufillus* (*a*) perfumed sweet-balling.
Quick of digestion is this nimble bruit,
And passeth *Presto*, and doth blood recruit;
And if the stomack were his *park*, he playes
His usuall tricks, and makes no tedious stayes;
Domestick Brutes o'th' Pasture, or o'th' Down,
Of other aire, and seldom motion,
Are of a nourishing meat, but grosser fare,
And threfore harder of digestion are;
'Mongst which the *males* have the precedency,
Hotter and moister concoct presently,
Before their *females*, of lesse heat and juice,
And therefore are not of so prais'd a use:
The *gelded crew* of middle temp'rature,
Colder then males (whose fire doth yet endure)
Yet hotter than their females, (who despise,
Since their exection, their shab companies)
Do make a middle food; thus Eunuchs may,
When they are dead, serve for a wedding-day.
But Kid is temperate without the least
Mixture of malice, a most innocent beast:
The blood which that creates is middle siz'd,
Neither too grosse, nor too much subtiliz'd;

(*a*) A perfumed Roman Courtier.

Neither

Neither too cold nor hot (a temper nought
In our Religion, but in Physick sought)
Food for an *errant Knight*, or any thing,
Whose body's lightnesse would be on the wing;
For the Repletions are gentile, yet not
So slender, that no nutriment is got:
Whence it appears Kid hath the Ladies love,
'Tis delicate diet, and 'tis smooth-skinn'd gloves.
But above all, the Infant-kids are best,
As we say, taken from the mothers breast,
So full of sappy nutriment, and smart,
That without sawces sweet, alid, and tart,
You may fall on; what would we more than tast,
And good blood breed, when just digestion's past?

CHAP. XII:

Of the flesh of Lambs, Rammes Wethers and Calves.

Of *LAMBS.*

E*Mblem of Innocence!* and yet not good?
Is Lamb a *Shynx*, not to be understood?
Some Butcher *Oedipus* with knife drawn out
O'th' scabberd of thy mouth, resolve this doubt,
(As did *Macedo* to the *Gordian Knot*)
And in *Ænigma*'s dubious leave us not.
For your sake (*Madam*) who a little claim,
And stand hard for the *Hieroglyphick* name
Of Spotlesse Innocence, even against all
Lambs, but that *one*, that you your pattern call,

 (*Slain*

(*Slain from before all worlds*) I ſhall untack
This knot, by th' help of *Rabbi Iſaak*,
Not *Idumean Iſaak*, *Abrahams* ſon,
Who by parentall hand had like t' have gone
To ſacrifice, but that the *Angels* grace
Diſpos'd a bleating Proxie in his place;
The heir o'th' flock yean'd on the coldeſt Leaſe,
Is then worſe meat, when nurs'd upon his knees:
(Some may obedience from that poſture learn,
Nothing ſo dutifull as the yews barn)
Yet as if now we were *Herodians* all,
Nothing then Lamb comes oftner to the ſtall;
The fleſh is viſcous, and ingenders flegme,
So 'tis a bad diſh, a good *Apothegm*:
Yet when in fleſh a fair foundation's laid,
And on a diſh or two invaſion's made,
Then from your Lambkin (Madam) ne're withhold,
But let it have its courſe, be't hot or cold:
In hotter Countreys, ſuch as *Spain*, the Lamb
Gets hotter temper from his curled Dam.

CHAP. XIII.

Of Rammes.

THis goodly *buffle-head* with winding horns,
Though he looks ſcurvy, and th' whole flock ſcorns,
Yet is the groſſeſt meat; this ſurly ſir
Is good, if he exceed not his firſt year;
If well digeſted, it doth generate
Good blood, and much; but if it had the fate
To fall i'th' hands of curſt *Armenian Libbers*, (a)
After exection he is much the glibber;

(a) Cutters of Lambs.

And

And though he be a loſt Ramme, as we ſay,
To th' Yews, he's good howe're the other way;
His fleſh is temper'd by his depriv'd fire,
And having loſt his own, gets our deſire:
It hath a winning and delicious guſt,
Though Father *Galen*, whom we credit muſt,
Condemnes all Mutton, but he wrote in Townes
Where little was, and ne're ſaw *Cotſall* Downs,
Nor this ſame land of Sheep, whoſe noble wooll
Clothes the *Muſcovian*, and the great *Mogull*;
The Engliſh Fleece doth proudly paſſe the gulph,
And fears no hazard but its native Wolf;
How many Nations Fleets empty the fraughts,
And do return this Fleeces *Argonauts*?
Then for the Back it's good, and in keen hunger,
Were *Galen* here he'd be a *Mutton-monger*:
But Ramme from Wether-mutton you may know,
That's yellow, this *(a)* no cauſe hath to be ſo.

(a) Becauſe an Eunuch.

CHAP. XIV.

Of Calves.

WElcom thou Increment of *Bully Bove*,
(Or when a Bull, why not as well of *Iove*?)
A *Calfe*, ſaith *Averaoes*, is brave food,
Of temperate blood, not viſcous, cold, but good,
And hath a flavour and odorous guſt,
And therefore before Kid, his praiſe is juſt:
For though the Kid we did extoll but now,
'Twas 'mongſt his *Montaneirs*, ſo we allow:
But for Calves fragrancies, we'r none of thoſe,
That for our diet will be led by th' noſe,

Al-

Although it is confess'd by all (forsooth)
The Calves head's ne're without its own *sweet tooth*;
To make no *long taile* of it then, it breeds
Humours most fine, and therefore cleanlier feeds.
But flesh of Bulls and Oxen, *those* Calfe's sire,
These Uncles (better by their losse of fire)
Breed black, and much, and melancholy blood,
Our veins of blew are made a sable flood;
And as alive we Bulls do stiff-necks call,
So are they too *Knock-downed* in the stall:
'Tis a most rebellious nutriment, dead,
And lies i'th' stomack heavy, as is lead:
It's slowly alter'd, turns to chyle as slow,
As slow dissolv'd does to the members go:
It wants a goad when it is drove alive,
A Clarret goad may't through the stomack drive;
The lazy *Surloin*, glory of the roast,
And *Knighted*, and yet was never *Knight o' th' Post*;
Unlesse when thou (brave *(a) Sheriff*) dost refine
His duller blood with thy *for bon French Wine*:
If by complexion men adust (that's sad)
Or splenatick, do like this *beveridge* bad.
'Ware *Quartan Agues*, *Dropsies*, and the *Itch*,
The *Leprosie*, or *Tetter*, chuse you which,
Dandry and *surfie heads*, this blood o'th' Ox
Bestowes all these, *and yet the Butcher knocks*:
Wherefore most wisely have our Masters stated,
That *Bulls*, before they die, shall all be *baited*.

(*a*) Alderman *Robinson*, *Coff. Lond.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.
Of the Flesh of Swine, Deer, Hares *and* Bears.

First, *of Swine.*

MY Father (*a*) *Ben*, discoursing of this Grunter,
In that so famous Play, where old Sir *Punter*
Being turn'd *Oxlando* for the losse of 's dog,
Did lug the jeering buffon like a hog:
There in that celebrated *Comedy*,
(Whether my Father *Ben*, as well as I,
Met with *Arabian Comments*) the smart Play
Doth patly what my *ancient Authors* say:
There's wit to th' height, read it, and try our *Dogma*,
Whether from both the places we a Hog may
Not all alike commend; first *Avicen*
Sayes, Pork's most naturall to men, so *Ben*;
Hogs flesh is likest mans, saith *Isaak*;
The same again saith *Ben*, but adds, that Sack,
A Hogshead full, for a *vehiculum*,
Will spoile its grumbling in our *medium*,
(Or middle Region of our Trunk) for Swine,
Alive or dead, will be still laid with Wine.
Indeed my Father *Ben* doth there produce
A reason why they were denied the Jews;
Because that Nutrimentall Animall
Of a provoking sap, and *Hogon* all,
Would have disorder'd and o're-pamper'd those
Who newly come from *Egypts* hard dispose:
Rebels in rough *Mosaick* Discipline,
How much more Rebels, had they eaten Swine?
Which makes me think the *Caledonians*,
Alike in Sins, alike in Onions,

Are

Are of affinity with the old Jews,
Both for Rebellion, both do Pork refuse.
Now of this Animall there are two sorts,
The one domestick, tother *extra Ports*,
(That wild and forreign) whose food is such
As the Wood yields, when winds do lust'ly touch,
And flaile the Oaks and Chesnuts, and the berries,
Which Nature for the birds meant winter cherries. (*a*)
But oh the flesh of choice-fed houshold swine!
And of the quarters, the renoun'd *cold chine!*
Eaten, or sung, or plaid by *Wilson*, (*b*) sure
For old Sir *Mammon* it were yet a lure
Sufficient to leave *Doll*, and for a bone,
To passe his part o'th' *Philosophers Stone*;
Hampshire is rare for reering such, and may
Contend almost with black *Westphalia*;
The moister feeding is the home-fed swine;
Hotter and dryer is *Sow Peregrine*:
See the attendancy of *Suffolk* Pigs,
Fed by the *hoopt-coat* merry milking grigs,
Clensed with whey, and fatted with the same,
Or Snailes, or good Vine leaves (which Pidgeons blame)
Or else the Turnep; oh the Turnep-fed
Swine! may chance save us, Turneps being dead,
With grains, these Girles and such Hog-provender,
Will you a Porker of that fulnesse reer,
That *Circes* brood, and all her chang'd *Elpe-nors*
Cann't parallel for meat nor for demeanour:
Such dieted swine are cold and moist, a rare
Temper, and to the gust most relishing are;
But quite another thing, when dry'd by salt,
It is exuct, and laid up 'mongst the malt:
Now in hot Countreys, where our *Commentator*
Liv'd they prescrib'd the extremities o'th' creature,
The luggs, the leggs, the souced feet and snout,
I'm for the *Roman* way, dish it whole (*c*) out;

(*a*) Hyps and Hawes.

(*b*) Dr. *Wilson* Music. Laure.

(*c*) *Totus ponit Apros Juv.*

Or

Or as I've seen it rarely rais'd and drawn
By *Henham* cook, up to a tun of Brawn,
Where wicked mustard, yet good *Tewxberry*,
Hath made the eater, not the brawner, cry;
Then from the tun too, or the three tuns came
A Ganymed with Sack, and warm'd the game,
That the old Matron that did mumbling feed
Before, did after swallow't with less heed:
The infant, or the sucking baby dies
About this season, a large sacrifice; *Aug. 24.*
The wayes are throng'd blockt up with bellies big,
(And bellies would be so) for crackled pig;
St. *Bartholmew* the great, and *Bat* the little,
Afford not room enough, but the Hospitall
Is press'd into, wherein whosoever looks,
Shall see all dressing on, chirgians and cooks:
Well fare you sisters of my native soil,
Eat pig and multiply, recruit your oyl
With unctious diet, it breeds noble chyme,
Call for the other half, and by that time
Your men will come with the reck'ning, so
You may from Pig unto the Puppets go:
And then to *Islington*, and so about,
Untill what's *pigged in be pigged out.*

CHAP. XVI.

Of the flesh of Deer.

SUppose us (Madam) in your park, where Deer
Are kept for every season of the year:
Do any ask how they'r at such command?
Then know my Lady hath Orphæan hand.
If He wild beasts by courtly musick tam'd,
You may do more, unless the brutes be maim'd,
And cannot come; for otherwise your stroke
Upon the Lute will spiritize an oak,
And make the Park to dance, and humbly follow
Thee as the mistress of the skill'd *Apollo*;
Thy late erected House and Garden pales,
Rose by thy hand (just as did Theban walls;)
Thy nimble fingers do so stir the Lute,
(Like *Davids* Harp) they may a Devil confute:
Brave *Gunning*, by his learned arts and tongue,
Gains not so much upon th' Anabaptist throng,
Then you upon these cognate droves, who stand
and listen (they love musick) to your hand.
I could into a wood of lawfull praises launch,
And praise the creature fully, side and haunch:
But *Rabbi Isaak* saith their flesh is hard,
(Not to be got) at *Henham* none's debarr'd:
Thy Husband's old Canary, and fat Buck,
With dogs run down, or else with arrowes stuck;
Yet they are melancholy diet, but
They all are so, which are much given to rut:
The Fawns are wholsome, and the heirs digest
Better then sire, or mother of the beast:
The youthfull stand is very hot and dry,
When old, like other things, their worst is nigh:

The

The Eunuch Deer is temperate, and most
Pleasurable when its pleasure's lost:
Troch upon troch, troch troch a reverend Stagg,
He doth of age and red-Deer-pasty bragg;
And though it's dry, yet let the Venison passe,
His own fat supples it, and tother glass;
It is of quick descension, and the marrow
Slides through the body from the Gutturall narrow:
And learned *Avicen* doth say for certain,
That thence are procreated many a Quartane;
Causes of Quartanes we have many sure,
Oh for an *Avicen* could tell's the cure!
Now for conclusion, this beast for game
And entertainment, hath with us the name:
Know then, the body is a joviall meat,
Fit for *Squire Rous*, yea for a *Prince* to eat;
Its *upper part is Antidote* but oh,
There's *poyson lies i'th' taile* (the part below:)
Emblem of humane Chance! in this sad veile
Nothing's thorough blest from head to taile.

CHAP. XVII.

Of Hares.

THe Rabbins say, the Lion sneezing, out
Started a Cat from his Majestick snout,
Without the Pythagorean motion rare,
The Cat then sneezing started out a Hare;
For there is nothing among creatures that
(But Hare) is melancholy as a cat;
And we do call them Pusses both; one purres
Onely, and both are vengeance 'fraid of curres,
Hare is good sport, as all our Gentry know,
The onely Recreation left us now;
For Playes are down, unless the puppet-play,
Sir *William*'s loft, both *Oyle* and *Opera*;
The noble Cock-fight done, the harmless bears
Are more then ring'd by th' nose or by the ears:
We are serious people grown, and full of cares,
As melancholy as cats, as glumm as hares.
Yet though it generate the grossest blood,
Then Goats and Ramms, these are more praised food.
Oh for the pretty sucking Leveret,
(An excellent dish if that I could it get;)
Not yet so dry are Conies in degree,
Moist are the breed of *Aubern Conigree*;
Laden with kidneys white, what can you lack,
Except a glass of *Squire Rond's Ogburn Sack*?

CHAP. XVIII.

Of Beares.

TEll me you traders for the Greenland wares,
(For you know best) what diet are the Bears?
Not onely the left shoulder, I believe,
But the whole Bear is Ven'son, Sheep and Beeve;
It viscous is, and disobedient,
And a most indigestive nutriment;
More fit, saith *Rabbi Isaak*, for cures
And medicines, than for hungry stomack-lures,
Unless a drunken Tinker, metall'd man,
(Who his teeth out of's budget strengthen can)
Should fall to tooth and nail, in's pot he spares
Nothing that's next, then *away with your beares*:
Yet in high *Russia*, and i'th' land o' Whales,
Bears may be dress'd, if ye catch 'um by th' tails;
And so are Apes, that inortogious lump,
Or any thing, indeed that wants a rump.
Those men, who, ships departed, staid behind,
(For no mans sake will water stay, and wind)
Can give us best account of this rough beast,
Whose sad society, most unwelcome guest,
Was very uncouth and suspicious, when
'Twas doubtfull which was prey, Bears or the men:
Those Greenlanders, hut'ed up in frosty Cabbins,
Shall be our *Ælians*, let alone the *Rabbins*;
If like to Conies Beares will fat, I know,
Those must be fatten bears that live in snow:
Our Paris-garden bears, had they not dy'd,
Might have been eat, but for Sir *Thomas Pride*.

Chap.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the members and parts of Creatures.

THe Heads of Creatures, Countenance, or Faces,
As Swines and Oxen are grosse meat, saith *Rasis*,
They't hot and nourish much, not a good fare,
Unlesse when *Titan*'s farthest from the Bear;
In winter deep, when you may freely frolick
In cheeks and heads, but that they breed the Cholick:
The Brain of temper cold doth nauseat,
And is offensive to the stomack: what?
May we not eat them? yes, if you are
Of constitution hot; the brain is rare,
Eat it the first, and before other dishes,
But cold complexions, and a-kin to fishes,
Or whose distemperature arise from cold,
With this *Meninges* guest be not too bold:
The Marrow is of temper cold, but not
So cold as that, though thence its rise is got.
Hot, and by cold (if in our art there be
Any such Point found out, unlesse by me)
Good for Sir Epicures, and men o'th' chine,
Who sacrifice to *Venus*, both in Wine
And Ceres, and a grand Provision make
To gratifie the flesh, these Canons take,
And in a Meal of Marrow-bones advance
As great a shew as so much great Ordnance;
But not so great a noise, when these Guns play,
The sulpher's white, and won't it self betray,
This Sperm-ingenderer is good for such
Who *Paul's* strict *Canons* do not trouble much,

The

The ſpungy Udder and the unctious Papps
(The fulſome diet of Sir *Mammon*'s chapps)
Do nouriſh moſt exceedingly, yet ſlow,
And in a gentle pace to chile do go:
Thoſe who have ſtomacks hot, and livers like,
May their fleſh-hook into th' udder ſtrike.
Livers of Beaſts are hot and moiſt, and breed
Much blood (they are congealed blood indeed)
But hard and heavy: that of Lamb or Calf,
Or of the ſucking Pig, is diet ſafe:
But *Iſaak* ſaith that liver doth prefer,
Of the ſweet Miſtreſſe of ſir *Chanticler*:
The ſame Arabian diſcommends the heart,
A ſolid, but an indigeſtile part;
But when digeſted, it doth breed good blood,
And nouriſheth as well as any food.
Why not as well as liver? this we call
Font of venal blood, that arterial.
The lights and lungs are of a ſubſtance rare,
And light, and therefore ſoon digeſted are;
So ſoon they paſſe, and from the ſtomack go,
(Our bellows call'd, but yet not windy though)
Dreſs'd with appertenances of the Sows bearn,
They'r too opiparous for Country Kern.
The reigns are for two reaſons not approv'd,
First they'r groſſe and hard, not eas'ly mov'd
Out of the caldron natural; but when
(That pot hath maſter'd them) they'r nought then:
And 'cauſe the ſerous part of urine takes
His tincture from the reigns, them all forſake.
The fleſh of creatures, more eſpecial that
Which is of fatter cattel (not the fat)
Is excellent, breeds ſperm and noble blood,
And in this nation is too general food:
The fat is loathſome, and as oily greaſe
Is the moſt moiſt of all, it doth increaſe

Cold

Cold and moiſt humours, and ſuch feeders be
Full of ungovern'd ſuperfluity:
But interlined fleſh, as I may ſay,
Some lean, ſome fat, carries the praiſe away,
And breeds moſt temperate blood and ſperm alike;
Hence is our Nation ruddier, and the Pike
Of Engliſh warfarre moves the Curteſan,
That ſhe cries out, *Oh my brave Engliſh man!*
The Feet do generate a viſcous blood,
And therefore to the Stone inclin'd, not good:
The Rump of creatures then th' interiour parts
Hotter and lighter are, for the kind darts
Of *Scrotums* warm inhabiters (of heat
A ſecond forge) th' adjacent parts do beat
And ſimulate, and warms that utmoſt bit,
There's ſomething got by good neigbour-hood yet:
The nearer then the Teſticles more hot,
The farther off by ſituation naught:
We will not in our Rules a Proverb croſs,
Th' extremities are alwaies at a loſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Of Bake-meats.

BAke-meats are generally naught, and Pie
Is disapprov'd, though *Alholland-day* be nigh:
We write not unto children, whose spoil'd gumms,
(Whate're the Coral gain'd) confesse that Plummes
And o're-warm'd Custard have edentifi'd,
(That is, made toothless) many a simp'ring Bride:
Who for this very reason, all their life,
Are feign to laugh behind a handkercheif:
So have I seen a toothless Bride-groom sit
Hungry at's wedding, not could chew a bit,
Untill the spoon-meat came, then his throat strain
So wide, you might have seen his heart again:
Wherefore forbear them, *Rabbi Rasis* saith,
But against Pie-meat there is little faith:
To bodies troubled with an *acid wind*
And *eructations sower*, bake-meats are kind;
They doe eventilate and lay that *Flatus*,
Which smels so mawkish from its foul *Hiatus*;
For little nourishment they yield, but those
Whose spungie bodies slimy flegm o're-flowes,
Or do desire to be *gentile*, that's *gaunt* and fine,
May eat this drying diet (none of mine.)
Roast-meat, which long-back'd curres do spin on spits,
Are far more nutritive, though they'r gross bits,
And not digested, but by stomack's dint,
And when the ventricle hath vigour in't;
It binds the belly, yet there's help for that,
If you do eat good store of the roast fat:
But *flesh* with *generous eggs* and *pepper* dreſt,
Of any bake-meat is accounted best.

Oh for a Pie-meat, be't at any rate;
Rais'd by thy hand and art (dear *Oxford Kate*)
The wisdome of thy Cookery doth raise
Unto thy self, and Dishes lofty praise:
Thy meats are a brave winter food, and when
I do indulge my *genius* like those men,
Thy gallant guests, a stately Pie of thine
Shall fit us for the *pretty friend of Wine*,
And *Mother of Proserpina*: all this
(*Kate*) at the length will bring us unto *Dis*.
Bake-meats corroborate and nourish more
Then any diet we have nam'd before:
But in the summer (*Kate*) we will forbear,
They are too hot for us in sultry air,
And breed the Stone, a thing (sweet *Cate*) which I
Nor you would see, to find one petrifie.
And though thy praises I do gladly vent,
I would be loath to be thy Monument.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

of Birds in generall.

TH' *Arabian Isaak* dictateth, that Fowl
Compar'd with walking creatures, are the Soul,
They but the Body of meat; they'r light and fine,
And do the feeder to quick works incline;
As if their feathers still were on, they spring
Thorough the quarters, and are all o'th' wing:
Rare and aeriall, yet the nourishment
Is small, and less then walking Fowl or Pent;
Yet our *Silvestrian*, then *Domestick bird*,
Is tenderer, as once before y' have heard,
And of digestion facile, the reason
Is, their assiduous labour and dry season.
If *Dædalus* with any wings of wax,
Could a made it flie, how light had been an Ox?
Which now must be most heavy, gross and dull,
Though it were dress'd in *Phalaris* his Bull,
As I may guesse by *Milo*, who in sweat
Of 's brows did find an Ox was heavy meat:
But these high flyers rare, 'cause they do move
Often, and the dry aire to traverse love;
But the Domestick, that lesse plye the oare
Of feather'd pinions, succulent, are more,
And generate a noble blood, being moist
Of temper, nor with aery swimming tost:
Of all the Birds that skirre the liquid aire,
Our Author saith the * *Starling* is most rare;
(A most rare Singer if his tongue be slit,
Confess'd) but not with us a dainty bit:
Yet if you bring it to an English Cook
Uncas'd, he'll make him tast like any Rook:

* *Sturnus cæteris volatilibus subtilior.*

The *masculine bearns of Partridges* are neat,
The *mother's Hen* and *Pheasant*, *Lady-meat*;
The *Cockrels* of all birds are lightest food,
And breed the laudablest and wholsom'st blood,
Strengthens the appetite, their gendring fire
Fitting them both for diet and desire:
But yet th' *Arabian* Doctor *Avicen*,
Preferres before all these the creaking Hen,
And saith that *Hen-broth* is a remedy
Probatum against scurfie *Leprosie*:
Besides, who'd think the female had such praise,
Since females are the worser many wayes?
The brains, saith he, of Hens increaseth wit,
Augments its namesakes substance; there is it;
For those who are fantastick, idle, vain,
As if their food were so, we call Cock-brain.

CHAP. XXII.

Of Hens.

THe Doctors differ, for *Rabbi Isaak*
Doth pull our Hen, and won't allow the crack,
But justifies the Chick against the Damme,
(A Physicall, not Divine Axiom)
And in comparisons not odious,
Bids us the Chick before the Mother chuse,
As being the tougher nourishment, enough,
But for my meal give me a Hen tooth-proof,
Not tough as buff, nor yet as whit-leather,
But often humbled by Sir *Chanticler*:
Then full of Embrion chick, let her appear
In Claret-sawce throughout all *Janivere*.

But

But for the limber thighs of infant-fowl,
Which you may draw like Peascods through your jowle,
Unlesse in *acute Feavers*, let them eat,
Whose teeth dare not incounter tougher meat.
Next unto these the *flesh of Quailes* is thought
Exceeding good, especially *Few-bought*,
(That's at the price they were i'th' Wildernesse)
But to eat them now in *London*-dresse,
Or Partridge-chicken (which is grosser food,
Costive, but nourishing) though the meat's good.
I shall not venture, and I know the cause,
Because it did rain Quails, but never sawce.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of Pidgeons, their young ones, and Ducks.

THe *infant-Pidgeon*, and the *sucking Dove*,
Emblem of Innocence, of Lust, of Love,
Are a most high and filling diet, hot
And inflaming, thence are Feavers got;
'Ware Pidgeon therefore, till his early flight
Hath purg'd his heavinesse, and made it light;
To these invite your *flegmaticks*, a scholar,
Men sedentary, but not a man of choler.
Ducks of aquatick fowl are far the worst,
Whether Fen-fed, or in your own moats nurst;
Hot is their blood, and of a Saturn die,
Gives nauseas and superfluity,
Yet nourishing enough, if it were good,
(He don't prescribe a copious, but sound food;)
Of all the fowl which on the lakes do wander,
From the wild Duck unto the Goose and Gander,
There's

There's none but are repletive, if it smell!
Amisse 'tis naught, though 'twere a *Barnacle*:
This hinders not the profits of the Coy,
The smell of gain is sweet, *Bon par ma foy*.

CHAP. XXIV.

Of the parts of Fowl.

THe *bellies* of all Fowl, brawny and tough,
Are of digestion long, and hard enough;
But master'd by the culinary fire,
They'r as good nutriment as you desire.
The *wings* of Geese in moistnesse do abound,
And so in Hens is the like juicenesse found;
Their constant motion makes them simply good,
An excellent and inoffensive food.
But oh the *liver* of the stubble Goose!
Set it before the grosse *Vitellius*,
Or *Otho* either, and this Emperour
Shall leave his glasse for it, 'tother his whore.
Wisdome of Cooks! oh arts of cramming Geese!
When Kitchin *Machiavilian* policies
Shall so contrive, that the attractive Liver
Shall starve all members to augment the liver,
And by devices *Hyperphysicall*,
Translate the *Rickets* from the head to th' caul.
Wonder in Caponry! but they grow plump
And fat, by stitching up the merry rump.
The *necks* of Geese and Hens, which we do cast
To th' dunghill, are an excellent repast;
Arabick dainties bought up by us of late,
By one, who on all City Feasts do wait,

The

The Factor of our Poultery gubbins, that
He may feed high his rare musk-making Cat.
The *wings* of flying creatures do excell
The *leggs* of walking, motion doth expell
Superfluous humours : so Fowl cramm'd and pent,
Though they be fat, are not good nourishment :
I do abominate the City-glutton,
Fat Capon-fed, and shoulder of Mutton :
If that must be th'entertainment and the cheer,
Give me the barn-fed bird and mountaneer.
The *Eunuchs* of all Fowl are best, and so prevail
With us, they are no longer meat but Ale :
Cock is an *English malt*, and we drink Fowl,
What once was dish'd is now swigg'd up i'th' bowl,
So that we do not now those gluttons think,
Who Capons eat, but those who Capons drink :
Cock-broth, the Ladies sure confortive
Is gone, for *China Ale* doth keep alive ;
Who can desire more ? Physitians *unde*
Is this rare cure from Munday * untill Sunday.
The *brains of Fowl*, less viscous and less dry,
Are better then of *walking Poultery*,
Who are of temper *ex opposito*,
(That's clean contrary, if you do not know.)
The brains of *infant-Starling*, *Partridge*, *Pheasant*,
And *Cocks* and *Hens* (Sir *Mammon* judge) is pleasant.

* At Temple-bar, who sels *China*-Ale.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

Of Eggs and their proprieties.

AS at *Creation*, so our book proceeds,
Hens before Eggs, perfection's in the deeds
Of the *best best Opificer*; he made
Nothing potentiall, perfect 'twas when said,
That *Protoplastes* the first species fram'd
Entire, nothing was impotent or maim'd
In its own essence, then he vertues gave,
Prolifick and conservative, to save
And propagate, which hid in seminall power,
Traduces the first work unto this hour;
The parent, not the chick, oviparous,
The mothers labour hatch'd in feather'd house
Of her own body, yet 't doth safer dwell,
And hath a cottage of its own, a shell:
Our subject is this *Embrion* in's cradle,
Both possible to live and to be adle,
Or damn'd to be devour'd before a tast
Of life, and into various coquery cast;
Bred of (*a*) contagion of Sir *Chanticlere*,
Upon the *bag prolifick*, the *case cleer*,
And setled now in plain *Anatomy*,
'A *spiritiz'd flavour gets, and egge, and me*,
So that the *cock-tread* and the grosser *sperm*
(Which our old *Philosophy* affirm
Did generation raise) are onely here
The *conduct* and the warm *conveyancer*
Of this brave *Monsieur*, and *Grand Signiour spright*,
Whose warm *Afflation* does the work o'th' night:
This Egge I set before you, (Madam) sloth
Makes this poor *Book Trencher* and *Table-cloth*,

(*a*) D. *Harvey's* opinion.

Not

Not ſet in ſalt (unleſs of ſlender wit)
And though but ſmall, yet a moſt dainty bit,
Of ſuch vicinity with humane blood,
It ſtrait incorporates, and is quick food;
Eſpecially the * golden part, the * Argent is
Frigid and viſcous, of Activities
Unequal much; ſo that in this white ſhell,
The Sun and Moon may be affirm'd to dwell:
The yolk's ſpermatick, like the gendring Sun,
The Eggs in watery efficacies run.

** Yolk and White.*

The Eggs of Hens and Partridges incite,
And thoſe of Ducks are ſervient to delight
(Though fouler nouriſhment.) The lay of Geeſe,
Of odour bad, doth loathſomneſs increaſe,
Yet are provocative; of Turkeys more,
Although the waddling treader's long, before
He act (the fumbler of the Fowls) but mounted,
This Gobbling Gameſter is a * *Signiour* counted.
But hear what *Raſis* ſaith, and *Avicen*,
Moſt temperate the lay's of the preſſ'd Hen,
And Partridges, ſo little loſſe i'th' food,
That weight for weight, the yolks convert to blood:
Boyl'd rarely, they digeſt apace: but hard,
They do digeſtion and themſelves retard:
Ta'ne when the cackling Hen Alarum gives
Of her delivery, Reſtoratives:
Immixt with Honey good for throats are ſore;
And in Conſumption we their aid implore:
No fleſh ſo nouriſhing and temperate:
Let thoſe forbear them who are over fat;
Butter'd with Ambergriſs a luſty meat,
Vitellius (*le groſſe*) did often eat;
A Prince of a ſhort reign, which amply ſhows,
Gluttons no fighters are, but for night blows.

** The great Turk.*

CHAP. XXVI.

of MILK.

KInſman to blood, but twice remov'd, in Breaſts
Of Women pregnant, in Udders of Beaſts
Elaborated, and the tincture white,
In *Venis Lacteis*, (unknown to ſight,
Unleſs upon diſſection) is made,
Which is this luke-warm Candidates *parade*.
It is of equal temper with our blood,
And having been ſo once, moſt proper Food :
Not dreadful when a *Read-coat*, and a friend,
When *White-coat* to our Ages * either end,
Its temper doth incline to moiſt and cold,
It wets, and fats : Thoſe whom long *Hecticks* hold,
Or the dry Cough, or Urine ſharpneſs pricks,
And thoſe of Conſtitutions dry as ſticks,
It benefits, and brings to temper juſt,
It foments blood, and the white ſtream of Luſt :
'Tis of concoction quick, and gets the dye
(Whether the Liver or Veins ſanguifie,
Or both, it matters not) which once it had,
White into red is no converſion bad.
Wherefore we ſay, in Feavers, are acute,
In pains oth' head, in Dropſies, and Scorbute,
And other cold Diſeaſes, Milk forbear,
Though *Io* were the Cow, (and ſhe was rare)
Of all that ſpend the Teat, the Milk of Cows
Is groſſeſt, and moſt nouriſhment allows.
Who do deſire *Matho*'s bulk (to fill
A Coach alone) let him the Milk-pail ſwill.
Yet I have heard a *Matho* of our own
(By's ſurcingle of Sheeps-heads quickly known)

* *Infancy and old Age.*

infancy and old age

So

So huge a quantity of Milk did drink
(A Horſe of water could not more I think)
Yet never was the fatter, nor would be
If he had eaten Cow, Milk-maid, and me.
Such Guts ſhould be their mutual puniſhment,
And *Marriot* ſhould have eaten *Wood of Kent*.
The Milk of Aſſes *Avicen* adviſes,
To give to all who labour of a *Phthiſis*,
Or have bad Lungs. The Milk of Goats partakes
Of either temper, and a *medium* makes :
Such wonders are rehears'd of Goats, that if
You hear 'um you will hardly give belief ;
The very hearbs they feed on turns to phyſick ;
Give them ſpecificks for the Cough or Ptiſick,
The infuſion is their Milk, and it retains
The vertue ſans Apothecaries pains,
A living rare *Pharmacopœia*, and
Not yet tranſlated by *Culpepper*'s hand.

The Milk of Sheep is worſt, very unſound,
And doth with ſuperfluities abound.
Milk boyl'd with Rice, or the like grain (and free
From its infrigidating quality)
Breeds wholeſome blood, moiſtens belly and breſt,
And to the bladder is a welcome gueſt.
And Butter milk in Fluxes, and ſo Whey
Is excellent for *Lactium termina*,
If in them you throw in burnt gad of ſteel,
You need no other Med'cine, they it heal.
Againſt diſeaſes of the yellow Bile,
Nothing ſo ſoveraign, nothing ſo * vile.
Diſtempers of much *Bacchus*, and the Itch,
And yellow jaundice, Faces call'd the rich,
Are cur'd by theſe, and Butter that's unſalt,
By Fricacy doth remedy the fault

* *Cheap.*

Of filthy morphy'd skins: Butter next grace
Is eaten first, eaten in the last place.
Then let not *Hogens Mogens* only sing,
Bouter, Bouter is good for any thing.

CHAP. XXVII.

Of CHEESE.

ALL Cheese is naught, saith the Salernitan,
The Fresh is cold and grosse, yet if a man
Be not of constitution cold, 'tis good,
A tolerable, but not commended food.
Old Cheese (as is its Age) is worse, or better
The tarter sort is hot, and burnes, a getter
Of extreme thirst, cals for the other Can,
Be it Holland, Chedder, or Parmizan.
Yet after meales a slender quantity
Corroborates the stomacks mouth, and by
The sharpness of the Rennet doth remove
All Nausea from them, who sweet meets love.
But scrap'd, as Dr. *Buttler* order'd Cheese,
(Who then a Buttler more can palat-please?)
'Tis excellent against most Surfeits, saving
No Sugar spoil the *Cambro-britan* shaving.
Ha, ha, *Caus Day!* yet our *Arabians* hold,
No Cheese is safe, whether it be new or old:
It loads the stomack's of digestion slow,
And if the Collick or the Stone you know,
Eat, and be sick, then leave't, if not too late,
Or if you'l eat, eat but a penny weight.

CHAP. XXVIII.

of FISHES.

FIſhes are like their Element, and place
Wherein they live, both cold and moiſt, a race
Of flegmatick Creatures, yet they are meat
Which dry, and cholerick tempers may well eat;
And thoſe who would look ſmug, or elſe ſnout-fair,
May take this liver-cooling diſh for fare.
In fervid ſeaſons, and in Climates hot
Uſe them: But if the *Beare* the helm hath got,
Or under *Charles* his ſeven-ſtarr'd heavy Wane,
From this dull nouriſhment let them refraine.
And pituitous bodies muſt forbear,
Unleſs they like the Dropſie in the Reer.
The Sea-fiſh, and of thoſe, they in Rocks dwell
Are finer, and in temperament excell,
Digeſt more eaſie, and breed better blood
Then the looſe fry, that ſhoal it in the Flood:
Yet in the ſtomack and the entrails they
(Being little viſcous) make too long a ſtay.
Sweet River-fiſhes ſlimy, and groſſe diet,
Are glibbery, and make egreſſion quiet,
More nouriſhing then Sea-fiſh, and of theſe,
Thoſe (which the current ſtreams and gravel pleaſe,
And do abhorre annoyances of ſinks,
Which ſpoil their channels with their loathſome ſtinks)
Are moſt delicious, ſuch as Pearch and Trout;
Your Mud-fiſh all incline you to the Gout.
But thoſe delighting in ſweet ſcowres refine
Their ſquamy ſides, and clarifie their line.
The Fiſh of Lakes, and Motes, and ſtagnant ponds
(Remote from Sea, or where no Spring commands,

And

And intermingling its refreshing waves
Is Tench unto the Mote, and Tenches saves,
And keeps them medical) are of all sorts
Lesse innocent, unless some River courts
The sullen Nymph, and blending waters she
Of a foul *Mopsa*'s made *Leucothoe*.
Her inmates otherwise, like her self, smell,
Tast of the Harbour (that is) scent not well;
Slow to digest: alive, they liv'd too close,
And dead they can't their native dulness lose.
Give me a Salmon, who with * winged Fins
'Gainst tide and stream firks o're the fishing-gins
Of locks and Hives, and circling in a gyre
His vaulting corps, he leaps the baffled wyre.
Let Fish have room enough and their full play,
No liquor want, not on a Fish-street day.
But they are all meat indigestible,
Creating thirst, and spawn diseases well.
Take the lesse viscous, gracile, cleanly swimmer,
Smelling like Smelts, whose watry hutts are trimmer,
Then those of Pools and Ponds, or where on weed,
Or nasty Alga, and base hearbs they feed.

* Alâ Remigii.

Salt Fish, Can you with patience, Brethren all,
Heare it, of *Saliers* and *Fishmongers* Hall?
Salt Fish is never good, but on a day
When you a vomit take, and't may not stay:
Charge upon charge, ten shillings cost to dine,
And half a Crown in Crocus and Squills Wine,
To cast it up again? whose will adore
My *Arabian Doctors*, or Sir *Theodore*:
Vomits nor lead I like, the pendent bullet
Shall never be the sweeper of my Gullet.
What I do eat, I do intend to keep,
By exercise digest, and little sleep.

But

But feed not like Sir *Theodore* for fear
Vomit nor bullet your o're-charg'd ſtomack clear.

The Barrel Codd, and courtly Pole of Ling,
Butter and Oyl marching in either wing,
And Rope-Canary on the Van and Reer,
Or *Graves*, or *Bourdeaux* in a glaſs for Beer
Bring on a Friday, ſtorm *Arabians* then,
* *Cloudſly* and * *Ruckly* are the better men.

The River Shell-fiſh, and leſſe Lobſter-coats,
Crayfiſh and Crabbs that ſwim, as thoſe in boats
Do row, are in a *Pthiſis* ſingular
Boyled in milk oth' Beaſt of the long ear,
And for Conſumptive perſons made a *Cale*,
As much as * *Colchis* high fetch'd hearbs prevaile.
You have the Fiſh, pray fall on if you will,
Madam, the ſauce ſhall not beſowre the Bill.

* *Mr. of the* Swan Fiſh-ſtreet.
* *My confiding Fiſh-monger.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

of PULSE *or* GRAIN.

WE take our rise from Rice, which we find dry,
Ith' fourth, and moderate hot ith' first degree:
Boyl'd in fair water 'gainst the Collick good,
They call (the *Windy*) but a noble food
Boyl'd in the milk of Almonds, which doth lose
Its stiptick quality, then Ladyes don't refuse;
The Caudle-cup, they bravely nourish,
Causing the blood, and seminal vertue flourish.
If that their Ladiships will make a wash
Against the Morphies, Ricie flower pash
In fountain water, and this cleansing grain
Shall clarifie the skin, and null the stain.
But you must strip it from its husk, its Rind
Is venemous; and steept in any wine,
Or water, pain ith' mouth it doth create,
Saith *Avicen*, and will imposthumate.

Beans are of double sort, or dry, or green,
Those for your Boar, these for your *Boores for-ben*;
The green ith' first degree are moist and cold;
But cold and dry, in the same height the old;
Bad nourishment and filthy humors breed,
To a proverb flative, Ladies, take heed,
Beyond th' excuse oth' Puppy they exceed:
Creates by vapours on the injur'd brain,
Malignant dreams, and our chast rest profane.
The great white Bean in his minority,
Boyl'd in successive waters, happily

May be permitted, loose their *Windiness*
If boyld with *Mint* or *Comine*, you them dress
Both *Flegmatick* and *Windy* meat within
But the *Bean-floor* is excellent for the *skin*.
"Yet spight of *Doctors*, and when all is done
"We will make bold with Pulse at *Thorington*,
"And this stern *Doctrine* against *Beans* shall no're
"Be held, nor gain repute in *Leicestershire*,
Nor yet in *Somerset*, where *Odcombe*, bred
Famous *Tom Coriat*, Pudding and Bean fed.
Lentils saith *Rasis* are both *cold* and *dry*,
Of *temper middle* others, so let't be
Bread, melancholy blood, lick up the juice
Of succulent bodies; spoil the visive use
By drying qualities, for *Corpulent*,
And *persons flegmatick* a cure present,
Us'd oft saith *Isaac*, fill with fumes the Brains,
And cause amazing dreams, and capital pains.
Ciches are of two sorts, one *black*, one *white*,
The *white* is hot i'th' first degree, thats right,
And moist i'th' middle site, hard to digest
Causing inflamation in the puffed breast.
Dilate the skin, as 'twere upon the wrack
Eat (horses) then, untill your bellies crack,
And look most fair, and plump and round
Fillet and Cascoines will lite, and sound,
The black Ciche is more hot, of moysture less
Against obstructions of the *Spleen redress*
And *liver opilations*, boyled, best,
In horse reddish, it raiseth *milk* suppreſt;
Urine provoks, and the *Spermatick* vein,
A great increase by this stout Pulse doth gain:
Wherefore to *Stallions* tis a generous food,
And makes them active for that noble brood.
Peases (saith *Arnoldus*) are not much unlike,
Wherefore some eat them, bravely by the *Strike*.

Then *Beans* less *windy*, nor so smoothly pass
The ventricle, lookin the Herbal glass
Gerards, and *Johnsons* mirror, and their *Pease*
Will every longing eye that sees them please.
I have a friend that loves them, had a *Tutor*
Would eat three mess without a coadjutor.
Obedience the efore and affection move
Not to dispraise, what two such wise men love.

CHAP. XXX.

Of Herbs and Plants.

HElp *Pauls-church-yard* our Physick garden now,
(And let *Tredeskin* no more simples shew.)
Where simpling Girles, and simpler Women stand
To sell the gathered Herbage of the Land.
Medæa when she took her flight i'th' air
Cull'd not so great ingredients, nor so rare.
Hither Apothecaries, hither hast
Chi'rgians, and Midwifes (busie Quacks at last)
And decay'd gallants, Lords of Lands are passant,
And Sequestred Divines buy up the grass ont.
The Ewe, sad Box and Cypress (solemn trees)
Once Church-yard guests (*till burial rites did cease*)
Give place to *Sallads*, and confin'd *Apollo*
Trades in these Plants, that do hereafter follow.

Ladies secure your Noses, for I bring
Garlick my first high sented offering.
It's temper *hot* and *dry*, whatsoere doth sent
So strongly is of such a temperament,

It warms cold bodies, hot anoys, expells
Wind, and ſuch vapors from the bodys cells.
It doth incite to luſt, an opener high,
And in a *Tertian* makes the cold fit flye.
A *Lohoc*, thats a Lambative, of this
Deſerves a *ſanum & expertum*; tis
Rare againſt Coughs, obſtructions thick
Extenuates, and cuts (ye but a lick
Adminiſtred upon a liquoriſh ſtick
For hotter Regions naught, but where the *Bear*
Rules, tis a luſty, naſty, warming fare.
The Ploughmans *Treacle*, and ſole Antidote,
Let in the Patient, cure him for a groat.
Its filthy *Hogon* is corrected thus
Boyl it, tis not ſo odoriferus.
Lentills or *Beans* eat after it do lay
The ſtrong Mephitis, Mints will take't away
" But oh the proof of Mowers intrailes, which
" Digeſt this Plant, as well as Horſes *Cich*.

Sorrel (ſaith *Raſis*) is both hot and dry,
Gerard doth ſay it cools (*undoubtedly*)
Exaſperates the ſtomack, by which fight
It moves it to a grateful appetite,
In Summer ſeaſon a moſt delicate *ſauce*,
In which the taſte doth mightily rejoyce
And us'd with many meats: But when Saint *Luke*
Appears once i'th' now un-red-letter'd book,
The ſalted leggs, and ſprings of ſlaughter'd Swine
With Sorrel ſauce do make us rarely dine.
To thoſe abound with *yellow choler* good
And quencheth thirſt (eſpecially that o'th' *Wood*)
If poſſeſſed, th' inflamed blood retreats
From peſtilent Feavors, Agues, and all heats.
What vertue have the ſeeds if you do ask?
Drunk in red wine, their good againſt the *Lask*.

Now (Montebancks Engliſh, or men *de France*)
Its juice (old *Avicen*) doth high advance
And ſaith against the *Tooth Ach* tis as ſure
As any *Cauſticks* or your handkerchieff cure.

Dill's hot and dry, ſaith *Isaack*, refines
Ventoſities, and Tumors, ſtept in wines
The top's of Dill dryd, and decocted, raiſe
The candid flood i'th' *via lacteas*.
Cleanſing and cauſing milk, and doth remove
Its windineſs, *Nurſes*, and *Mothers love*.
Provoketh urine, is to ſperm a friend,
And puts the mounting *Hickets* to an end,
So do the ſeeds ſmell't to: *Hippocrates*
Confounds the *Hicquets* with a luſty *ſneeze*,
For by that violent *ſtomach-quake*, all meat
(That lay offenſive there) doth change its ſeat;
Sunned, or boyld in oyl, it mitigates
Great pains, and ſhuts up *Morpheus* heavy gates,
Allaying vapors, that diſturb the head,
And makes us take the other napp at bed;
No leſs affective is this precious *Dill*
If boyld in wine againſt the *Matrix* ill.
It doth diſperſe thoſe clouds, with choak, and ſmuther
The uterni vault, called (but not making) *mother*.
This *Laus Rei* hitherto now comes
Who'd think could hurt? its *vitupexiums*.
All humane good is mixt; wherefore be wiſe
Uſe not daily, for it ſpoils the eyes.

Smallage, or Garden *Parſley*, or that which
Delights in waters, or the banks o'th' Ditch.
Is hot, and dry, but yet the little *ſeed*
Above the *leaves* i'th' qualities exceed.
A mighty opener of obſtructions tough,
And ſmooths the way o'th' *ureters*, when rough,

Pro-

Provokes that ſerious tide, much more the *root*
Boyld in a Broth, doth put the bladder to't.
The root, or ſeeds in clyſters help alone
To evacuate, if not contuſe the *ſtone*.
It lays the torment of the guts, which may
Be done by *Epſam-beer* or elſe by *Whey*.
Moſt excellent in ſauces, and in broth,
Parſley, and butter, and the *Table cloth*,
Are half the charge of a Fiſh dinner; ſo
It is good, and bad ſauce, the *caveat* know.
Then as in *Ruartaines* tis, and *Agues* ſeen,
It opens Liver ſtoppages, and ſpleen.
So to the Vintners moſt aſſiduous curſes,
It will ſet open wide your Fiſh-day purſes
Amongſt its miſchiefs that, and this ſhall lye
Its very hurtful to the *Epilepſie*.
" Which ſickneſs is more dangerous of late
" To fall i'th' ſtreet, or Tavern-fall i'th' State?
Or age, or *Oruch* (for both words do hold)
Are *moyſt* in degree ſecond, in firſt *cold*,
A Kitchin Garden Herb, for the pot chief,
But Boyld a Sallad, bellies bound relief,
Nouriſh, and Livers hot gently aſſwage,
And raw, or ſod allay a guttural rage,
Or inflammation in the throat, withall
The ſeeds in Meath drank, cure th' *Icterical*.

Parſneps are of a Temper *hot*, more dry
Then *moyſt*, and nouriſh well, not dainty,
A thicker blood create, but yet not bad,
A *root ſpermatick*, makes a *Scotchman* mad,
Inflative too, correct them then with Pepper,
It is no *Dulman*, no nor nimble leaper
Out of the ſtomack, but makes wholeſome ſtay,
And for the Stagnant *Urine* ridds the way.

Beets

Beets are of divers colours, *white*, *black*, *red*,
According to their hues ſo tempered,
The *white* are moderately moiſt, and hot
A garden herb good for the pottage pot.
The *red*, and *black* more hot, abſterſive all;
Becauſe compound of *nitrous* ſtuff, and *ſal*,
Whence their vertue *Diergertick*'s, ſed
* The Noſe. To purge by its * *Emunctory* the head,
Good againſt *ſounds* i'th' ear, and the tooth ach,
And doth the *Cupidinean* locks unlach.
But oh the riot of the *Roman Beet*
With ſuch a Sallad their *Grand Signior* treat.
Rub up your noddles my brave Engliſh Cooks
And make our *red Beet*; that excells in looks
Excel in taſte: what can't your wiſdoms do
With Oyl and Vinegar, and Pepper too.
Make it an *Antidote* (my *cunning men*)
And then you jump with Father *Avicen*.

Borage is *hot* and *moiſt*, i'th' firſt degree,
Or ſet i'th' confins of each quality.
Both *hot* and *cold*, in its natural poiſe ſo juſt,
That neither temperature exceeds it truſt.
A Plant *ad Pondus* (as they ſay) and where
You find ſuch ballance, the proportions rare.
The vertues eminent: Have you no courage?
At any time revive your ſoul with *Borage*.
That *Azure flower* hath in't a ſoveraign gift,
And when a Sallad can the heart up lift.
Good againſt either choler, *red* or *black*
(Infuſed in *wine de France*, or nobler *Sack*;)
Sirrup of Borage will make *ſad* men *glad*,
And the ſame ſirrup doth reſtore the *mad*.
A rare receipt for *Bedlam*, under deck,
Priſoners, or my companions under *feq*.
Coleworts are *hot*, and of a nitrous juice
By the firſt they *bind*, byth' latter, *looſe*,

The

The *broth* is laxative, there runs the Salt,
Eat, *without broth* their ſtiptick, there's their fault.
To make it unmalitious boyl the *cole*
In fountain water, caſt it away whole,
Then in a broth, where vertuous pouder Beef
Is boyld, boyl that, *Cato* ſhall cry it chief
Of meats, with which he will moſt amply dine,
And frolick it, and lick the luſty wine
That to his *Crambe*, *Caulis*, or our *coles*
His bellies debtor, and his jobbernole.
For *Colewort* is an enemy toth' *vine*,
And can our wits wine forfeited refine.
Then *Socrates*, and *Cato* fear no baggage
Nor ſcold, take to'ther bottle, to'ther Cabbage.
It is for ſhaking hands, and dim eyes good,
Forgive one fault of melancholy blood.
What though its windy, Pepper will reform
That tempeſt, and appeaſe its flative ſtorm.

Onyons are *hot* and *dry*, i'th' fourth degree
But *Garlick* doth exceed i'th' quality.
Onyons are chopt into three ſeveral ſorts,
And never a one hath any good reports.
As to our diet purpoſe boyld their beſt,
Raw eaten worſt, but with Vinegar dreſt.
They neither heat nor cool, ſaith *Raſis*, how?
When Vinegar both vertues doth allow?
So ordered, they inflame not unto thirſt,
But raiſe an appetite, the *Carriers* firſt
And onely *ſauce*, his *ſnuff*, for the ſquez'd juice
From's glanderd brains the humor will produce:
(Good for his Teem and him) with Vinegar
Immixt, it will the ſpotted *Cutis clear*.
Provoks to ſleep, ſo that your drowſie pate
Is call'd moſt pat, an *Onyon head* of late.
But yet beware, my friends of ſleep, and night,
Tis good to ſhut your eyes, but *nought for ſight*.

It

It dulls the ſenſes, doth infect the breath;
O do's it ſo ! away with it tis death.

The *Gourd* (ſaith *Avicen*) is *hot* and *dry*
(Like the wild * *Citrul* on its quality.)
In degree ſecond, and its vertues, theſe,
It purgeth yellow choler, diſagrees
With Melancholy ; wine all might i'th' Gourd
That hath been hous'd, purgation will afford.
Much like our *Melon*, if they ſtand, and thrive,
Are good to make the body laxative.
Dioſcorides ſaith, that the *gourds* juice
Held in the mouth, will eaſe to the pain produce
Of Tooth-ache. Bitter it is of Taſte : know
Moſt things that are of ſpecial good, are ſo.

* Colequentida.

Cumin is hot and dry, ſaith *Raſis*, good
Againſt wind i'th' ſtomach ; after food
Taken a help at Maw, thats to concoct,
By'ts ſeeds drank, Matrix, and the guts unlock't.
From the *pain colick* ; the reſult is
The very ſame by *clyſter* or by *Pultis*.
With Vinegar immixt, the overflows
Call'd menſtruall are repuls'd, and bloody noſe.
Secundum artem handled it aſſwages
Whatſoever ſwellings in the *ſcortum* rages,
And *Genitals*, tis good for *Gouty* joynts,
And the procedure of it diſappoints.
Boyld with inflative meats, a remedy
Againſt their Genuine ventoſity.
What would you more ? there's not a nurſe nor ſlut
But knows tis good gainſt Worms i'th' maw and gut.
Coming again we ſhall more vertue find
Thoſe whom the *Pleuriſie*, or *ſtich* do grind,
Let them a bag of *Cummin ſeed*, and *ſal*
(Le-Bay) quil up and warm them all to mal.

Be-

Besprinkled well with good wine Vineger
And hot applyed to th' side oth' sufferer,
It is *probatum*, and will save well nigh
The *Plautus* noted help, *Plebotomy*.

Fennel is *hot*, and *dry* i'th' third degree,
The seeds or leaves in *Poisan* made, the dry
Breasts do replenish, and those hills of silk
And snow, refurnish with the purest milk;
Made a decoction they cleanse the *reins*,
Open the *Liver*, and the *kidney lanes*.
Do force the *stone*, and *urine* to avoid.
And hath *Cottidian Feavors* oft destroy'd.
By *dieuretick* faculty, now tell
The verses made on *Oxford Holowell*.
" No man will hurt this well, thats wise,
" For this hurts none, but cures the eyes.
So *Fennel*, *Roses*, *Vervin*, *Rue*, and *Celandine*
Made a water will do good unto thy eyes and mine.
And to such persons covet to be lean,
Fenicularis aqua, scowres them clean.

Hysope is *hot* saith *Rasis*, and if eaten
Or into powder with some mixtures beaten
Good for the dark of sight: A water made
With this and Figs byth' skillful in the trade,
Gurgled, doth unimpostumate the *throa*,
And when by *rheumes* a difficulty's got
Of swallowing, the streightned passages
To this decoction yeilds, and the stops cease
Lettuce is *cold* toth' end oth' third degree,
With us a Sallad of high dignity;
Loaf'd, and unwasht is best, cooles the chaf't blood,
For *sperme*, for *milk*, for *generation* good.
But not the seeds, they'r of a quality
Anterostical, thats quite contrary,
It doth provoke to *urine* and to sleep,
Naught for *Lethargick* pates: this Sallad keep.

 And

And till the Spring, its usual leaves produce,
Its kindred *Corn-Sallad* shall be in use.

Mints in degree the second, *hot* and *dry*
I'th' third, saith *Gerard*, of fam'd memory.
If smelt unto *Pliny* the Historian writes
The duller appetite to eat excites.
Confortative to stomack, we commend
It in burnt Claret at a *vomits* end.
It stays the *Hiequets*, *Parbrake*, and the *scowre*
By *choler* made in ventricle the lower
Taken in juice of sowre *Pomegranats* : So
In *Vineger* if *upward* blood do flow.
In *broth* if boyld, *Senior Pliny* writes,
It stays the blood *profluvium*, and the *whites*
Good against *Watry-eye*, and *scurfie head*,
Of children, and any tumor therein bred.
With *Honey* and *Spring* water mixt it cleers
Absurd obstructions of *surdaster ears*
Infus'd in *milk*, against a *mad dogs bite*,
Tis good for man, but hang the dogg out right.
Boyled in wine, and vineger, *alone*
It cures the *strangury* and *Kidneys stone*
Against the stings of Waspes applied, and Bees
Tis good. I would there were no worse then these.

Cresses though in the water do lye,
Yet are of temp'rament most *hot*, and *dry*,
Especially the seeds toth' *fourth degree*
A Sallad, mixt with Herbal company,
Virgils moretum makes it one of those
Herbs, which do sting with its sharpe bite the nose.
Tis good against *Scarbute*, or *Scorbuch*,
Be the disease old *English*, or new *Dutch*.
It warms the *stomack*, and the *Liver* clears
As by the cure afore full well appears.

Et nares acri stringunt Nasturtia morsu.

For

For gainſt the *Scorbute* nothing is ſo good
As that which by its vertue cleers the blood,
It cures the worms i'th' belly, not the head,
Not in a *ſheeps*, wherein a long ones bred.
Good for the ſtomack ſaith the *Arab Raſis*,
But *Dioſcorides* the herb diſgraces,
As to that vigor, but commends its power
For expediting off the *bloody ſcower*,
And though it hurts the early Embryo
It doth provoke to that, which * made it ſo :
Poppy is *white*, and *black*, of this doth come
The high *Nercotick*, dulling *Opium* :
The *whites* more candid, and more laudable,
This cauſeth ſleep, that death (ſaith *Pliny* well)
Poppy both ſeed, and leaves, and heads are cold,
Stays Rheumes *a cerebro* : Be not too bold
However with't, unleſs it tempered be
With good allays, then tis a Remedy
Not dangerous : Beware, beſt Lady, ſtill
Of herbs, that do ſome good, but greater ill.
Of this is made rare *Diacodium*,
The wand of *Mercury*, and *Morpheus* drum,
When ſharp diſeaſes, and malignant Feavor,
Diſturb your reſt (as I could wiſh it never)
A *Poppy cawdle* made with *Almond-cream*
Shall bind the ſenſes, and incline to dream.

* *Venus.*

Parſley is *hot* i'th' ſecond, *dry* i'th' third
Degree : By it the ſtagnant urin's ſtirr'd,
And femal courſes fixt do finde their way
And the red tide obeys her *Cynthia*.
The *ſeeds* are hotter then the *leaves* or *Root*,
They open, are abſterſive, and drive out
Æolian Blaſts, and ſtomack-tearing-toind,
And them expel at fore door, or behind.

It is as helpful to the *ſtone*, and gaines
Credit upon the *bladders* grief, and *reins*.
The *cholick* paſſion is appeas'd : The doors
The little doors 'oth body cal'd the *Pores*,
It *opes by ſweat*, and makes tranſpire ſuch *vapours*
As fume the houſe, like ill extinguiſht tapers.
It purifies the *Liver* ; made *an oyl*
It cures the *Morfue*, and the ſpeck'd skins *ſoyl*
Boyled in Ale the roots and ſeeds have got
A fame 'gainſt poyſons, *are an Antidote*,
And for its common uſe, theres ſcarce a diſh
Without this ſauce to your quaint Fleſh or Fiſh

Leeks, or but *leek* with number ſingular
E'ne which you like, *hot*, and *dry* temper'd are ?
Raſis commends, and diſcommends the plant
It is the *Appetites* friend to its provant
But enemy toth' *head* which it doth pain
And fills with dreams malignant the fum'd brain,
If that the Fountain of the Body's ill
(The *head* I mean) let Leeks grow where they will
Except on thy breſt-plat. But if youl' need
Upon this great *Extenuator feed*,
Eat them with *Endives*, *Purſlane*, *Lettuces*
Charge of a ſallad will his heat appeaſe
Made in a *Lohoc*, or a *loch*, with Figs
With *Bdellium*, almonds (tell me Dr Trigs
Muſt they be blanch'd or no?) with liquorice
A quantum ſufficit, in ſhort *R S*.
With candid ſugar, Ana, and theſe all
Boyl'd in a *Balneo*, till *Syrrupical*,
Againſt *Catarrhes*, and ſuffocating *Rheumes*
And ſquinances a power it aſſumes.
Madam you'l thinke I *cant*, or little lack
Of *John Pontæus*, or an Engliſh Quack
The Emperonr *Nero* cal'd *Porrophagus*
That's *Leek* devourer, eat them like a *ſus*,

That's

That's like a ſwine, which is the cauſe I think
His memory unto this day doth ſtink

Purſlane is *cold* 'ith degree third, and *moyſt*
In ſecond : For ſtomacks by much wine deboyſt
And high inflam'd is good, and extream thirſt
Purſlane will quench (when if your belly burſt.
With water, 'twill not ſlake) and for your *tooth*
Aking or *edge*, the leaves are good forſooth
The *fæmal* fluxe, and of *Bile* * *rubea* Of Choler yellow.
Or any flux of blood the juice will ſtay
If by a *ſyringe* you the ſame miniſter
It cures the *Matrix heats*, the *Guts* by *Gliſter* ;
And *Avicenna* a new vertue ſtarts
That the *leaves* rub'd are med'cine 'gainſt the *Warts*,
The *Butchers* 'gainſt the *Herb-wives* ſeek relief
And think that Purſlane will put down *raw beefe*

Radiſh is hot, and dry, a ſauce of courſe
Both that cal'd biting, and that called horſe,
Both heavy of digeſtion, both excite
Before and in the Meal the appetite
The *leaves* are more digeſtive then the root
Which is a *vomit*, with ſome oxymel to't
It cuts the *Flegme*, and by it's gravity
Like cheeſe, it make our victuals downward ply
Water of *Radiſh*, *or horſe radiſh* Ale
Is good for *urine*, and provokes to ſtale,
But leaves a *hogou* ſo *diſtaſtful* I
Wiſh that my noſe, my palat were not nigh
The *root* with *Darnel*, meal and vineger
Of wine *de-blanch*, blew and black ſpeeks do's clear
That mixt with *ſalt* (ſaith *Dioſcorides*)
Will milk in dryed paps, and teats increaſe.
Secundum artem ordered makes away
For the deſcenſion of *the menſtrua*

And

And mixt with Vinegar hath good dispatch
Against *Hodontalgia*, or Tooth-ach.
And without *Rasis*, or *Hippocrates*
Rind on, and off, is eaten with *green* cheese

Turnep (saith *Isaack*) 's *moyst* i'th' first degree
And *hot* i'th' second, a good quality.
Nature consists in hot and moyst. We fall
When fire licks up the humor *Radical.*
Then Turneps eat, which though they ill digest,
Of Garden roots they are accounted best.
It makes the skin fair as it self, and raises
That *Plimme*, and somewhat more, and yet more praises
For Spermatick recruits it gets, they 'r all
Good, *long*, the *small*, or *round*, which bears the *ball.*
The *sheets* or tender topps for Sallads use,
Boyled, they do belye *Asparagus*:
The *Commentator* (if he guesseth right)
Affirms they have a vertue good for sight.
And *Pliny* (natures great Philosopher)
Saith, boyld, to frigid feet they heat confer.
I hold with *Pliny*, and almost dare swear
My foot a boyld Turnep will not bear.
But what saith *Dioscorides*, alone
A Turnep stamp'd is for Kib'd heels *for-bone*,
To made an Oven for the oyle of Roses
To rost in Embers, is the best of doses.
Then Turneps, * cry man, East, North, West and South,
And when they'r sold, with wheelbarrow stop thy mouth.

An abstreperous eryer of *Turneps*, and that disturbs the Author with his bawling.

Rue is both *hot* and *dry*, i'th' third degree,
At its approach flys cold ventosity,
And clogging humors jogge, it doth remove
The sent from those *Garlick* and *Onyons* love.
The Herb (like *Sampier* pickled) helps the sight,
But so, or not so eat, spoiles *Cupids* fight.

In

In Peſtilential times like theſe, if you
Do love your ſafety, ſtuff your noſe with *Rue*.
Who can deny what *Pliny* then atteſts,
The leaves in wine are *Antidote* o'th' beſt.
The water thrice diſtill'd, the kidneys cleanſe,
And ſend all ſand *incontinent*, from thence.

Sage is of temper *hot*, and *dry*, the School
Salernitan, concludes *him for a fool*
That dyes with Sage in garden. Tis a herb
Of vertue ſingular to a Proverb.
And in its name are high *auſpicia*
Healthful and ſoveraign that is * *Salvia*. * *Sage*.
Let thoſe who to *Abortions* ſubject are
Make this ſame prudent herb their conſtant fare,
And what it doth *poſt Partum*, for the next
Conſult *Agrippas*, and *Aetius* text,
Good for the *Matrix*, and its tenant, naught
For the perſon, who, that to lodge there brought:
And bridles natures itch : Good for the *Brains*,
And *head*, and *ſenſes*, which the head contains.
And how in Ale infus'd, and brew'd, we cry
It up, with *Scabius*, *Fennel*, *Betony*,
Apothecaries ſhops can tell, whoſe trade
During theſe Sage Ale morning draughts doth fade.
The *juice*, as well as any black lead Combe
Where *white* hairs are, will make the black ones come.
And *Macer* ſaith, that Pulveris'd, it takes
Away the venemous bites of poyſonous Snakes.
How in our late malignant Feavors we
Account *Sage poſſets* a grand remedy,
The Country cures can ſpeak : Then for a *ſtich*
Or *Pleuriſie* tis poormans *cure*, and rich
If in a wooden diſh with coals the leaves
Be dry'd, Vineger aſpers'd, it nere deceives.
No maid nor man Cook (unleſs fool by Age)
Will dreſs a Pigg and not i'th ſauce have Sage.

Spin-

Spinach is *cold* and *moyſt*, ſo temperate,
The *lungs*, the *throat*, the *ſtomach* gratulate.
This wholeſome pot herb, which doth exercise
His lonoſing vertues 'gainſt the bellies ties.
Will it untie the bound? ſuch recipes
Reſtrained perſons will extreamly pleaſe.
It breeds but little, yet good nouriſhment
We give't in Feavors to a good intent,
And with as good ſucceſs, if you herbs mate
Alike, both *open*, and *Refrigerate*.

Muſhroms, or Toadſtools, *off-ſpring of the earth*,
Or elſe of Trees a *puffy ſpungy birth*.
Are unto danger cold and moyſt, if eat,
And raw cold pituitous blood beget.
Thoſe whoſe concavities are *red*, are worſt,
Let thoſe feed on them to the *Colick* curſt.
Pepper and Oyl, and Salt, nay all Cooks Art
Can no way wholſemneſs to them impart.
What Doctor *Butler* ſaid of *Cucumber*,
Of theſe *ground-bucklers*, we the ſame aver.
Dreſs them with care, then to the dunghil throw'um
A hogg wont touch um, if he rightly know um.

Toadſtools are worſe then Muſhromes of the ground,
And with a poyſonous quality confound:
A *pappy*, *viſcous*, *groſs*, *cold* ſubſtance can
Here finde no praiſe, nor i'th' *Salernitan*:
Theſe four are ſigns of Death, ſaith *Iſaack*,
(An old *Arabian*, and no late-ſprung Quack)
Which if you cut i'th' middle, and let lye
Till morn, you ſhall their putrid ſtate deſcry.
But oh the praiſes of the *Roman* wits:
Meat for the gods, the Emperors choiſe bits.
Poets and *Cooks* are *friends*, and not at odds:
I joyn, and ſay they'r meat too *for ſuch gods*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

And first of FIGS.

PRepoſterous! *Figs* before *Apples* plac'd,
The Diet's falſe, and all the Work diſgrac'd.
Who marſhals in the fruit? a Squire, 't may be,
But yet no Apple-ſquire you plainly ſee.
A *fig* for ſuch a Squire: *Madam*, with leave
You ſhall our Reaſons for our Figs receive.
'Both are coævous fruits of *Edens* earth,
'The Fig and Apple don't contend for birth;
'Onely the Apple, to *one* Sexes ſhame,
'Had the misfortune of the leading name.
That fruit is inauſpicious to your kind,
And purpoſely I plac'd the diſh behind,
Leſt being percht into the upper place,
You would not think't a *Banquet*, but *diſgrace*:
Think you I ſhould quick *Atalanta* pleaſe
With *golden Apples*, whilſt *Hippomanes*
With Laurel crown'd, revives the fatal ſtory
Of her deluded ſoul and long loſt glory?
Give place then exprobrating fruit, and come
Thou *Cover-ſhame*, old *Fig-tree*, in the Room:
Though men of all the fruit, that hangs o'th' tree,
Should love none leſs for your obſcurity:
For by its leaves we loſt the precious ſight
Of that which is the maſculine delight.
Figs, either *green* or *dry*, do cleanſe the ſand
From that ſtreight Quarter, where the reins command.
Windy when *green*, but then are laxative,
Dry they do nouriſh, make the body thrive,
And warm the blood, but an exceſſive uſe
('As all exceedings turn unto abuſe)

Does cause the Itch and Lice, but yet you may
Give Wormwood in a Fig, for all I say.
So much saith *Rasis*, hear what *Isaak* saith,
(For a few Figs y'have two Physitians, faith.)
If that you eat them fasting, when all's clear,
And no crude humours in the stomack reer,
They make *digestion* noble, cleanse the *breast*,
The *lungs*, the *reins*, and *stones* (*a*) *membranous nest*.
Hath it no other vertue? this in summe,
Roasted 'tis good for an impostum'd gumme.

(*a*) The bladder.

Dates are in temper like to *Figs*, that's *dry*
And *moist*, but nourish not (so cleverly,
As we may say) if often eat, they cause
Gross blood, and both infect the teeth and jaws;
Provoke to urine, but do swell the Spleen
And Liver, and the blood turn all to flegm.
Still worse and worse; then take them *Oxford Kate*
For Marrow-pies, with me they'r out of date.

Grapes are less *hot* then *Dates*, a luscious fruit,
And its alliance blood doth streight recruit,
Fattens the body, and extends one part,
For which we need not wicked helps, nor Art.

The *thinner* coated Grapes do the less harm,
And though themselves be slender clad, will warm.
They all are windy, so are bellows, yet
Both these and they will fires and flame beget.
The *sweet Grape fattens*, and the *sharp* makes *lean*,
Infrigidates, if steep'd in water clean.
Sowre Grapes are very cold, the belly bind,
By them the *yellow bile* and *blood*'s confin'd.
Press'd *Grapes* and *Raisons* are of temperate heat,
A nourishing fruit, plausible and neat;
Good 'gainst obstructive coughs, and in a *Phthisis*,
Steept a whole night in *Sack* do strange devices.

Fruit of *Granado*, or *Pomgranates*, are
Both *sweet* and *sowre*; both small nourishers.

The *ſweet* are rather *hot* then *cold*, diſpence
Swellings and thirſt, to Agues an offence.
The *ſowre-ſharp Granate* cooleth, dries, and binds,
Thoſe *flux-oppreſs'd* his noble vertue finds:
In *Morbus Cholera* a preſent cure,
'Gainſt either evacuation ſure,
Then Syrrup, Conſerves, make with Art, and know
It is *ubique* good above, below:
And in the *Jaundice*, if its juice you try,
None ſhall ſay long, that *yellow is your eye.*
Quince, or *Cydonean apple's* cold and dry,
Like to the former (a) *Punick* in degree.
Second, or *ſweet*, or *ſowre*, they'r binders ſtout,
The *ſowre* are moſt *reſtrictive* without doubt;
They rouze the appetite, they bind and looſe:
How's that? both faſt and looſe? we will us poſe:
The empty ſtomack it doth bind, you'l ſay
It might, where nothing is to ſend away.
But eat Quince after a *full meal*, anon
It ſhall drive down and ſend to m' *uncle John:*
Raw not ſo good as *roaſt*, or *bak'd*, by Art
It is convey'd in every Apple-tart;
Coſtive by quality, and therefore is *Elixir*,
Where *Vomitings*, or *Lasks*, or *bloody flix* are:
Againſt immoderate *Menſes* good, and ſuch
Who blood from head, or ſtomack vomit much.
But hear what *Simeon Sethi* ſayes, if woman
Pregnant, do make of Quinces a food common,
She ſhall bring forth wiſe and diſcreet ſons;
'*Eat Quinces, Ladies, bring forth Solomons.*
Peares are all *cold*, of binding quality,
Both *ſweet* and *ſowre*, and *choak-pear* belly-tie,
Unleſs in *poſt-cœnes* eaten, then they do
As Quinces, which like them are coſtive too:
Eaten with *Toad-ſtools*, or with *Muſhromes*, they
Loſe their reſtringency, and paſs away.

(a) Pomegranate is called *Malum Punicum.*

 Eight

Eight sorts of *civil* Pears, beside the *wild*,
Gerard hath told in's *Herbal* well compil'd,
The *Katherine* call'd the *proud*; and *James* his Pear,
The *Burgomot*, or the *Palatiner*,
The *Royal* Pear, and *Bishops* Pear, and had
He found a *Lower-house pear* (though ne're so bad)
I durst profess *Johnson*, and he had *meant*
To make of Pears, and Peers a Parliment:
Apples, saith *Rasis*, are restringent all,
Both sweet and sowre; the Salern School will call
Th' *Arab* to account, since 'tis *dictatum*,
'*Post pyra da potum, post pomum vade cacatum.*
Goclenius help to reconcile this *Pique*,
Or else we must no more of Apples speak
Then thus; Apples are windy, if you eat
Them with Annise seeds, or such like good meat;
So Apples spic'd, and made a good *Lambs wooll*,
(As saith *Salerna*) set us to the stool.
Sweet smelling Apples are restorative,
Pluckt from their mother they do shorter live:
Bak'd in a Pie with Quinces 'mongst them cut,
They do the appetite to's business Put.
But frequent eating weakeneth the nerves,
Unless you use the syrrup or conserves:
* Doctor H.H. I have a * Doctor's, and a learned one
'S word for't, that eat, they mitigate the stone:
So though an Apple were the first fruit ill
It keeps the *Ladies* at their closets still.
'An excellent revenge, for this bad food,
'By *your* rare skill *preserv'd*, *conserv'd*, is good.

Peaches are *cold* and *moist* in degree second,
A very fruitless fruit, and dangerous reckon'd:
If eaten after meat, it hath a quality
Corruptive, and the *chile* doth *putrifie*,

In Sack imbib'd, what will not Sack make good?
They are admitted, but *before* your *food*.
Unripe they'r costive, *Ripe* they'r *laxative*:
'No man by Peach (in any sense) did live;
The Peach *D'Avant*, that's call'd *præcocia*,
And in the Roman tongue called *Persica*,
Are palatsome, the *nauseas* abated
By *them*, *'tis fit* the fruit should be translated.

Medlars, saith *Isaac*, are both *cold* and *dry*
I'th' first degree, fam'd for astringency:
Especially *Medlar the dwarf*, procure
The *Gyant-Medlar*, that's a *Hector* sure.
Strengthens the stomack, and like *Hercules*,
Allayes the tumults and the raging seas
Of yellow Bile, by two commotions,
The *Gizzards glimmering* call'd in strange notion,
A report goes, saith *Dioscorides*,
That Medlars eaten do the *tooth-ach* ease.
Gerard assures, that by the kernels bruis'd
Gravel and *urine*'s purg'd, the *Stone* contus'd:
Thy *English* (a) *nick-name* doth so much divine;
But were it so, the *Druggists* would repine.

(a) Open A.--

Aprecocks in my Authors are not found,
I shall transplant them from our *Gerards* ground:
Alike in nature to the Peach, so may
Præcocia be the same with *Præcoqua*.
We'r at a loss, *Johnson* and *Gerard* both
Know not their vertues (no nor I in troth.)
'Preserve on Ladies, howsoe're, 'tis good
'Presum'd, untill 'tis hurtfull understood.

Citrons, *Pomecitrons*, *Lemons*, *Oranges*,
Are odoriferous and the scent please,
Whether from *Eden*, *Media*, or *Italy*,
Or his dominions, on whom both Suns lye;

The

The *Catholick Kings Hispania's*, they proceed
The Earth don't rarer fruit nor fragrant breed;
Delitious to the eye, sweet to the nose;
'Tis thought the fruit that *Adam* did depose
From his high Paradise, unworthy ware,
'And sad exchange! had it been ne're so rare:
Lets search its vertues, for our Mother *Eve*
Its outside glory could not so deceive:
Though by the eye much mischief is conveigh'd,
'Those eyes, those eyes, cry'd the just yielding Maid.
Then what magnetick force convinc'd that soul,
Which did the Monarch of the World controul,
And mov'd his captiv'd passions to a deed,
Hath set an edge his long traducted seed?
* *Eve.* Was it the Rinds sweet smell? My *Pyrrha** knew
'Twas bitter, hot, and dry (for all its hue)
'Children are caught with Pictures: Was't the juyce?
My Grandam knew 'twas sowre, and knew its use;
Knew the seed bitter, of like quality
With the odorous rinds; she would not dye
For *Coloquintida*; what though she knew
It had hid vertue poyson to subdue?
Ah but the venom of that crafty Beast
That circled 'bout the Tree, and stung her breast
Worse then the Aspes did *Cleopatra*: not
Mithridatum, Triacles, not Antidote
Sufficient to expel: He whispet'd Death,
And conveigh'd Hell in a soft, gentle, breath,
Lesse could the ho es of kee ing ever fair
(For Citron juyce, for that is highly rare)
Corrupt her judgment, whose transparent skin
Was glass unto her nobler thoughts within.
'That is the least of Beauty, that o'th Glass;
'But since her fall, is all that's left alass!
* The Devil. No the same Apple by its *Proxie** told
Of strange Omniscience, Never being old:

'These

'These were sure baits; since 'twas her fate to fall,
'She fell not like a Fool; 'twas gallant all.
Mulberryes, cold and dry i'th third degree,
Ripe, make the belly moist, and lenifie,
Passe quickly out of stomack, or else have
A putrefaction, and there find a grave.
Their juyce is like the tast of Wine, and will
Asswage the heat of any *guttural ill*:
With *Album græcum* mix'd, and gargled, cure
Against Squinancies, and throat-Calenture.
Infus'd in Fountain-water thirst remove,
Ta'ne before meat th' appetite improve.
By stiptick quality they'r very good
Against all Fluxes of luxuriant blood.
Madam, let none offend this prudent Tree,
Which blooms not till old Winters gusts do flye;
Reserves its juyce within its principal,
Wise as the Creature which it feeds; for all
The bitter season of the year, his guest
The Silk-worm keeps within its downy nest,
And when Provisions on the Tree appear
He doth unwind himself, and fals to's chear:
So may your Ladyship passe out of dore,
And feed on them under a Sycamore,
Which with umbratile leaves will let no Sun
Hurt your Silk-gown, by its namesake Creatures spun.
Plumms, saith old *Isaac*, are both black, and white,
And red, and many colour'd for delight:
They'r cold in general, and moist, do loose
The belly, yellow Bile drive out o'th house.
If eaten, as we use at *Barthol'mew-tide*,
Hand over head, that's without care or guide,
There is a Patient sure; Physitians sums
Have never quicker Counters then these Plums.
If you will needs be at it before Dinner,
Eat and be regular, no Diet-sinner:

Or

Or else they putrifie, and breed diseases;
Wherefore in times of *Plague* it alwayes pleases
The *prudent Magistrate* t' inhibit *fruit*,
And *Dogs* and *Hogs*, which all are helpers to 't.

The *Damson* or *plum Damascene* is best,
Plums that are dry'd give to a welcome Guest.
But if I sup or dine, it well shall please,
If that the Buttler eat those Services.

Cherries (who'd think it! Yeomanry of *Kent*
It is enough to lose your half years rent)
Are all unwholsome, generate bad blood,
Viscous and flegmatick, a feavorish food.
The tarter tasted are the best, although
The sweeter at a greater price do go.
But *Galen* in his sage formality
Must yield, if *Round-cap Cherry ripe* do cry.

Almonds; the sweet are temperate, the bitter
Better, and for Physical uses fitter:
Their moderate heat and oyly juice
Doth lenifie the throat, yet they refuse
To pass the stomack, unless sugar'd well;
Then urine and obstructions they expel,
And sperm augment: *unskinn'd* they nourish worse,
Their coats, like bran, a passage for them force.
Skinn'd they are *stiptick*, and perform good task,
When order'd against bloody Flix and Lask.
The *bitter*, hot and dry, are wholsomer,
Dissolve gross humours, cleanse the ureter,
Expectorate and sweep the clogged lungs,
And mundifie the Spleen, and Liver dungs.
Their oyl for many uses serve, get grace
For keeping terse the Ladyes skins and face:

In

In Phyſick more ſucceſsful; ſo we ſhall
Not give our Almonds only unto * *Pal.*
Nuts are dry whorſons, though the Tree complain,
Shee's thwack'd and bang'd by every Country-Swain;
'Tis not without a Fault, by *Virgil*'s leave,
Who did the Nut an innocent fruit conceive.
For ſimply of themſelves they do great harm,
Are moſt obſtructive, and in ſtomacks warm
And cholerick ingender fumes, and make
The pate virtiginous, and deadly ake.
Infus'd in Sack, their mended quality's
Approv'd, who wo'nt in Walnuts ſacrifice
An afternoon to *Bacchus*, if it rain,
And moiſtned skies offend the ſtudious brain?
But Nuts, two Figs, and twenty leaves of Rue,
And Salt contunded, (*give the Devil his due*,
He is a Nutter too) will expel poyſon;
Nay, taken faſting keeps off all that's noyſom.
In Hazel-nut, or Filbe d, cold and dry
Of te per, doth a windy moyſture lye,
Which yeilds but little nourinment, ſo tough,
It will not paſſe the ſtomack ſoon enough,
But lies like bullet, or ſmall ſhot of lead,
Yet upon theſe the vulgar ſort do feed.
And at the Play-houſes, betwixt the Acts,
The Muſick Room is drown'd with theſe Nut-cracks;
Whoſe kernels made into a milk do bind,
But of themſelves the contrary we find,
And rather cauſe the bloody Flix, and Lask;
Wherefore forbear you brethren of the Cask,
VVho in your leather coats eat ſacks of Nuts,
You'l need no new Beer to keep clean your guts.
VValnuts, or Royal Nuts, or * Nuts of *Jove*,
(Here's name enough to get a noble love)
Are the beſt ſort of Nuts, and newly pluck'd
Delight the taſt, but little juyce is ſuck'd

* Juglans Jovis glans.

From its dry kernel, which doth ſlow deſcen,
And by its hard concoction doth offend.
Made in oyl, like Almonds, they make ſmooth
The hands and face, like chizel to a booth,
Or board, they plain the ſurfie head, and ſcales,
And ſave the labour of our itching nails.
The green and tender Nut, like Suckad made,
And boyl'd in Sugar (tis Confectioners trade)
Is moſt delightfull and confortative,
And antidoticall, then eat, and live.

Cheſnuts are dry and binding, in a mean
'Twixt hot and cold (Nut *Laodicaan* then)
But yet *Sardinian breed*, inflative high,
As laid i'th fire, their bouncing doth deſcry.
After its windy rupture roaſt it well,
And ſteep it in good Sack, until it ſwell
By th' infuſion, then this Nut is good
Provocative, and plenty makes of blood:
Thus rarified by fire, and ſowc'd in Sack,
We may commend it *fulcrum* to the back.
There is a Cheſnut call'd *Equina*, which
Is Horſe-cheſnut in our ſole Engliſh ſpeech,
Which from the Eaſtern Countrey came, and can
Horſe coughs and Aſtma's cure, why not in Man?
We have a Nut too that is call'd *Porcine*,
An *Acron* wild we give it to our ſwine;
Not meat for men, unleſs when fortunes all
Are ſpent, we diet with the *Prodigall*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

of SPICES.

PEpper is vehement hot, and mixt with meat
Assists the stomack to make quick defeat,
And noble change, on that Mesh or Hoch-podge,
Which else would longer in her region lodge;
Great crutches to digestion, and disperses
Wind, as King *Æolus* in *Virgils* verses.
Wherefore on all inflative roots and grass,
Asperse the Pepper-box, and they will pass.
But let hot tempers, and in summer time,
Fobear, unless they will inflame the chyme:
There are some persons too; be none of those,
Who if they take't, take more then in the nose:
But they that love the haunch of hunted Deer,
With salt and pepper, make a noble cheer;
Yet 'cause my reverend Prelate loves it not,
With other spices let him make it hot;
Church-men must be approv'd, and verily
I do submit in more then ordering pie.

Ginger is hot and moist, and well digests,
The City Cooks do wisely in their Feasts,
(Not use it gingerly) whereby such Fire,
And pilesof meat concoction safe acquire.
Wherefore the use of it, and other Spices,
Have rais'd the Grocers, and some quaint devices
To be o'th' Twelve, to wit, *twelve Companies*,
Because of these salvifical supplies,
As Pepper, Mace, Cloves, Currans and Raysons,
And Prunes, rare ware! kept we the *old seasons*:

But that high drug *Tobacco* free doth passe,
Whether we have a *Christ-tide*, or *Christ-masse*.
But to our Ginger (which besides in Ale
Against its flativeness it doth prevail)
To livers cold, and stomacks likewise so,
It doth a friendly heat and help bestow;
Its vertue's known in Composition,
For obscure eyes, so saith my *Portington*,
And so saith *Rasis*, if that dimness be
Produc'd from moysture and humidity.
So *Avicen* commends it to the head
And throat, with raw cold rheumes incumbered.
Good for the memory (saith the same man)
Forget not then the old Physitian,
For your old Blades are best when all is done,
For they were wise, and had read *Salomon*.
Zedoary's hot and dry in the degree
Next to the first: The Dispensatory
Is frequent in its use, for it discusses
All flatulency which in bodies buzzes;
It fattens too by occult quality,
(That's the old help in Physick) let it be;
The world is not discover'd all, we can't
Know any thing compleatly, not a Plant,
For every Plant doth hide a Deity,
And like the Sensitive shrinks when we pry,
Or touch, beyond *decorum*, stands the shew
When modest inquisition comes to know.
But for its vertue known, let it suffice,
It hath the name of Triacle by the wise;
Good against poysons, and infections good,
Whether they center in the spirits or blood.
Wherefore its use we may commend to all,
In this next Spring, and in the present Fall.
It is to th' stomack most comfortative,
Raiseth the appetite, the scent doth drive

Of

Of noysome Garlike, Onions, and strong Leek,
(Which make the Ladies at a kiss turn cheek.)
Good against Colick, Stomack-Pains, and Lask,
And drunk in wine allayes our heat of Cask;
A *Panacæa Rustick*, not sure a greater;
Yes, Doctor *Everard* hath found a * better.

* His universal Medicine, *Tobacco.*

Galingale, both the small and greater root,
(From *India* this, from *China* that sought out)
Is hot and dry i'th' third degree, soveraign
Against the maladies of a cold brain
If it's but smelt unto; but chew'd is rare
For those whose lungs and breath ill savour'd are,
But if the stomacks region's stuff'd, and torn
By wind, let no man this rare Medicine scorn.
Or when we stomack lack unto our meat,
It will procure it, and do greater feat,
(Digest) and greater yet; helps after third
Concoction, prime food for *Venus* Bird:
And for the Colick grief and colder reins,
The shops can tell you what a price it gains.

Clove-berry's hot and dry, astringent too,
Like Cloves in vertue, and in outward shew.
In scent and tast most aromatical,
(Such *Alexander* fum'd his skin withall,
Unto odorous transpiration)
Is good 'gainst Goat-evacuation,
And Rammish breathings: good too for the eyes,
Annoy'd by cold Catarrhs and Crudities
Bred in the stomack; Livers cold it warm,
Would all *exotick* things did no lesse harme.

Rasis saith *Cynamon* is hot and dry,
Strengthens the Liver by that quality,

And

And ſtomack too, and gets an appetite,
And ſweeps the wind out of that region quite:
It doth obſtructions clear, that ſtop the reins,
Forcing the urine in ſtrangurial pains;
Provokes the Menſtrua, old *Iſack* ſaith,
The Mid-wives are of a contrary faith.
'Tis wholſome made in ſawce, and fumes the breath,
And a *Sack poſſet* rarely flavoreth.

Saffron is hot and dry i'th' firſt degree,
The weakned ſtomacks friend: no enemy
Unto obſtructed Livers, nor their breath,
Which is ſo ſhort (it differs not from death.)
The feeble parts it comforts: don't you ſee
The Saffron Cawdle every morning flie
Into the Ladies chambers; they are wiſe,
And will take nothing dangerous 'fore they riſe.
For women hard of labour preſent eaſe,
Raſis prefers it 'fore *Man-midwiferies*,
Or *womens* too, and ſaith that this alone
Is the *Lucina* to be call'd upon.
Put into wine it doth inſpirit that,
Firks up its vertues, were it ne're ſo flat;
And in the drinker ſtrikes a cheerineſs,
That *Plunder* can't allay, nor lay diſtreſs.
It is enough; thy vertues are ſo high,
I do commend thee to the *Cavalry*.

Carawayes, or ſeeds of *Caria*, whence they take
Their name, are hot and dry, when made in Cake,
Or into Confects, wholſome Recipes
Againſt the urines painful ſtoppages:
Diſſolve collected wind in ſtomacks crude,
And blaſts *Hypocondriacal* extrude:
They Worms in children mortifie; are beſt,
Eat in the *van*, not i'th' *rear*, o'th' Feaſt,

(As

(As is the usuall custome) when with cheese
And apples, these are sawcer-services,
Correctors of that windy fruit, and why
Expel not wind without their company?
Wherefore in bread with anniseeds (which have
Vertues alike) immixt, they'l Physick save.

CHAP. XXXIII.

MUstard is hot and dry, above the third
Degree, by it the brain and stomack's stirr'd,
And watry humours in both regions dry'd,
Her *Countrey-man* its stinging vertue try'd,
When that it caught her by the nose, did cry,
(A pox of her, a pox of *Tewxbury*.)
Good sawce for Pork, and Goose, and Brawn in chief
For Sawsages, and Tripes, and powder'd Beef;
Good for the intellect, saith *Avicen*,
I do prescribe it unto *Gotham*, then,
But they must drink it fasting; which they will
Never observe, though to gain *Solomons* skil:
But yet for humours viscous, thick and tough,
The seed of Mustard is as good as snuff:
And pulveriz'd, and in vine-blanch *de France*
Infus'd, 'twill make a Tertian Ague dance;
It will expectorate, and further reach,
Even to the Stone (if *Pliny* rightly teach.)
But then in vinegar you must it lay,
Through *Alpine* hills these two will mak a way.

Salt is alike with Mustards quality
High-priz'd with us, but more in *Gallia*,

Where

Where 'tis a ſoveraign ſauce, fit for a King,
A ſauce finds meat, and clothes, and every thing;
It takes away faſtidiouſneſs in meat
(I cannot ſay, that which the French do eat)
Who loath even Salt it ſelf, and heart'ly hate.
It, ſince it comes obtruded on a Rate.
Yet it ſubtiles the taſt, and makes it play,
Removing groſsneſs from the Uvula;
Excites and ſharpens duller appetite,
Hunger and Salt are ſauce, or none is right.
But too much Salt licks up and burns the blood,
Juſt in the body as it is in food,
Which is exuct, and dry, and juyceleſs made,
VVhere that its briny fire doth much invade;
As by experience, to their conſtant grief,
Our Mariners do find it in their Beef,
And Sea proviſions, which returns them all
Trophies of Salt, ſadly *Scorbutical.*
To thoſe that do in Salt too much delight,
It minorates the ſeed, bedimms the ſight.
I have two Friends of either Sex, which do
Eat little Salt, or none, yet are friends to,
Of both which perſons I can truly tell,
They are of patience moſt invincible:
VVhen out of temper no miſchance at all
Can put, no, if towards them the Salt ſhould fall.
I know a pretty Pearl ſuch uſe hath got
Of Salt, hee'd eat (if need) up Madam *Lot*,
A little cholerick Spark, a very fire,
VVhom if to make your friend you do deſire,
You ſhall not need a long experience make,
His Buſhel's eaten, and you may him take:
Though theſe two tempers are exceſſive, know,
A trencher-Salt for Tables we allow.
Raſis ſaith, Vinegar is dry and cold,
It makes its lovers macilent and old,

A vinegar-fact fellow, as we say,
A Constable on his installing day,
Looks as if in urine he were soused;
Beware night-walkers, you will all be *housed,
It doth destroy the bodies noble juyce,
Unsucculents the back, and spoils its use;
A help to *Quartan* Agues; and all such,
Who with black Choler do abound o're much,
Which it confirms and fixes, *E contra*,
It doth disperse, and infirme *Choler Rubea*:
It gives a passe of gust in diet, mends
The duller juyce, and downward grateful sends:
There are disputes, whether 'tis hot or cold,
I'me for my Sages, and with them must hold.

* *In the Counter.*

Honey is hot and dry (saith *Isaac*)
In degree second, nor doth vertue lack,
Good for Cacectick persons, whose grosse chiles
And evil humors rarely it subtiles,
And makes them emeant, passant through the skin,
Where thousand little dores are to be seen.
If you would know what are those little dores,
Madam, undoubtedly they are the Pores.
The foulness of the puttid blood in veins
It purifies, cleanseth those channels stains;
Wherefore let all, whose constitution's cold
And moist, decrepit persons, and the old
Lick Honey, or the drink-compound thereof,
'Twill warm their chilness, and 'twill cure their cough:
But you, my Friends, of cholerick tempers, know
Honey like choler is, and turneth so:
Live Honey (as we say) and eaten raw,
Is much inflative, rakes the breast and Maw,
Provokes by vomit and by Siege; but supp'd
In new laid Egg rare salve for lungs corrupt.

What need we longer praiſe it, when we know
Its Providore, from every flower doth blow,
Sucks univerſal Balm, ſo in a ſpoon
You take *Gerards* divine * Collection.
So that the gleanings of the vigorous Bee
Is *Johnſon*'s labours neat Epitome.
Whom would not this glorious juyce intice
To taſt it, though at lov'd *Jonathan*'s price?

* *The Herbal.*

OYLES.

Of Oyles the Oyl of Olives weares the bayes,
Hath higher vertues, therefore higher praiſe:
Pliny the *Senior*, (whom *Veſuvius* kils,
And th' eructations of thoſe fiery hils,
A ſad example, and precaution gives
To all (though ne're ſo learn'd) inquiſitives,
Not to be wiſe, and peep in things too high,
We have our *Ætna's* in Divinity)
Pardon the length of this Parenthesis,
That *Pliny* ſhall declare Oyles qualities:
It is all bodies ſuppler; but the dry
And hide-bound ought it moſt to magnifie;
Vellum-fac'd fellows, living whit-leather,
Eat *Genoa* Olives, and the Oyl together,
Until your parchment bodies give a ſoul,
Sordid and covetous Trayn-oyl can't unfoul;
It makes the body ſtrong and vigorous,
(A word of late in wondrous uſe with us,
But then againſt the ſacred Oyl) it drives
Poyſons, though double twiſt by jealous Wives.
It gently layes the torments of the guts,
Cleanſeth the tripes, and opes thoſe lower huts:
The head-ach pains it cures, and mildly ſwages
The ardor that in burning Feavors rages.

What

What windy vapours dares ith' body ſtay,
Or come in this aerial Unguents way ?
Then if your eyes you'd have like Diamonds
Sparkle, (with ſuch rare flame your eyes abounds,
Madam) Oyl will them clarifie, advance
A handſome face to *Cherub's* countenance.
The Ceruſſes are known, and we allow
To you the mellow ſleek-ſtone of the brow ;
Such Arts are legal, wot you what *Heſter*
Beſtow'd in ſweets, when for the King ſhe dreſt her ?
For all our long and ſtill upheld turmoyles,
And all my ſuffering, I'me for Soveraign Oyles.

The Oyle of Nuts moſt vehement and hot,
Let them, who Fiſtula's ith' eyes have got,
Uſe it from Madam *Stepkins* hand, or buy
It well compounded by good Surgery.

The Oyle of Almonds is more temperate,
It doth the breaſt and lungs cleanſe and dilate :
The grated reins and bladder do receive
Huge eaſe, when we this lenifier give.
Specks in the face it takes away, how ſo ?
When Ladies that uſe Oyl have Specks we know :
The round, the long, the ſtar, the great, the leſſer,
And are made *Urſa's* by their Woman-dreſſer.
Though *Urſa* is a Beare, I mean them none,
Unleſs it be a Conſtellation.
The ſcarrs of Wounds by Oyle and Honey mixt
Are plain'd and levell'd though a long time fixt :
Rare remedy in fighting bluſtring times,
Such as are ours, the more, God knows, our crimes :
This Medicine is moſt parable, not hard ;
Haſt thou the Morphyes, uſe it *Renegard*,

Thou

Thou who haſt ventur'd much, and bravely dar'd,
When that thy body is one ſcarre, as chance
May make it in thy next renown'd advance,
Then call for Oyl of Nuts my *Renigard.*

Now like the Squirril, which on Nuts doth feed,
We leap from verſes to ſome nobler deed.

FINIS.